The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1929 NUMBER 776

Contents

The Week 226

Editorials

A Lesson from New York 228
The Meerut Trial 230
Latin America at Geneva 231
Cars of Juggernaut 232

General Articles

The Facts about Birth Control ..... Henry Pratt Fairchild 233
Sagebrush (verse) ..... Dorothea Matthews 235
MacDonald Comes to Washington .. T. S. Matthews 236
Gandhi at Sixty ..... S. K. Ratcliffe 238
The States and Prohibition .... Rex Maurice Naylor 240
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 242
Quinteros and Rice ..... Stark Young 243

Correspondence 245

Reviews of Books

The Poetry of Louise Bogan ..... Yvor Winters 247
Professor Elton ..... R. S. Crane 248
Eddington and the Unseen World ..... Maynard Shipley 249
Carlyle Grown Old ..... S. K. R. 249
Notes on Novels 251

The Week

MR. MACDONALD'S visit has borne the fruit which was to be expected. A five-power naval conference is to take place in London, late in January, in the hope that it will do the work which the Geneva conference of 1927 failed to do, and complete the only partially successful efforts of the Washington conference of 1921. No undue confidence is warranted as to the probable success of the forthcoming London meeting. The militarists in Great Britain and the United States are as rigidly hostile now as they were two and a half years ago, and the presence of Italy, Japan and France enormously complicates the task by which the negotiators will be confronted. France, in particular, presents a difficult problem. It is not unfair to suppose that the reports from Paris of alarm over a possible Anglo-American entente represent, not a real fear, but the attempt to establish a strong bargaining position, so that a handsome payment will need to be made before she puts her endorsement on the results.

ON THE side of the balance must be recorded the serious set-back which the big-navy men have encountered because of the Shearer revelations. While this gentleman exhibited himself as a grotesque mountebank, it is true that the shipbuilders employed him in the hope and expectation that he would do what he said he would, and there is no doubt of the public's emphatic disapproval. Interference with the London conference will therefore be far more difficult than with any other held since the end of the War. Another ground for hope is the fact that preliminary discussions between the United States and Great Britain have been so thorough; there is no doubt that this meeting has been far better prepared than that of 1927. Finally, and most important of all, there is the present atmosphere of good will, engendered by the efforts of Messrs. MacDonald and Hoover and some of their associates. While this atmosphere lasts, good use can be made of it.

IT WOULD scarcely have entered the minds of the architects of the Treaty of Versailles, as they glowered upon the envoys of Germany summoned to endorse their work, that ten years later a German minister of foreign affairs would be mourned as a great European who had contributed more than any other statesman to the reconciliation and rehabilitation of the world. The career of Gustav Stresemann is the best evidence that those who saw in the great catastrophe the promise of a real peace were not entirely deceived. To such peace the good will of Germany was most essential, and of that good will Stresemann was the formulator and messenger. He carried forward the work of Erzberger and Rathenau, and, more fortunate than they, he lived to see his work not indeed complete but definitely in progress. No greater pledge of reassurance for the future could be offered than the spectacle of Stresemann in the seat of Bismarck. Germany today honors and mourns a great diplomat, great because with large vision he served his country by serving the world.

THE most ominous event in the history of the Southern labor troubles took place last week at Marion, N. C. In a clash between striking textile

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workers and a sheriff and his deputies, many shots were fired, as a result of which five of the strikers have died, and several others were dangerously hurt and may not recover. Only one of the sheriff's deputies was injured, and he received but a minor flesh wound. The strikers, and others who investigated the facts immediately after the shooting, claim that the sheriff's men opened fire on the workers when the latter were making no attempt at armed resistance, and that most of the men were shot in the back, while fleeing from the scene. One of the strikers, who was mortally wounded, was removed in handcuffs to the hospital and died, still handcuffed, on the operating table. Two witnesses testified that he was beaten in the face with a pistol butt by a representative of "law and order" in the automobile which carried him from the scene of the shooting.

IN VIEW of all these facts, the attitude of Senator Overman of North Carolina is shocking in the extreme. Senator Wheeler has proposed an investigation by a federal commission, and such an inquiry is badly needed. Senator Overman, however, has succeeded for the present in blocking it. He insists that the reports from North Carolina are "misrepresentations"—perhaps his theory is that the strikers who were shot are not dead, but are merely playing a joke on the community! He still says that such difficulties as exist are due to "Communist agitators" who are sowing the seeds of "revolution, atheism and free-lovism." He sufficiently characterizes himself by these phrases, but another word needs to be said: If anyone is sowing the seeds of revolution at this moment, it is Senator Overman.

A FEW months ago a Pennsylvania coal miner named John Barkoski was beaten to death by three members of the Coal and Iron Police, who are private guards maintained by the coal companies with the approval and connivance of the state authorities. These three men are Lieutenant W. J. Lyster and Privates H. P. Watts and Frank Slapikis, formerly employed by the Pittsburgh Coal Company. Barkoski had interfered in a quarrel between the two privates named above and his brother-in-law, and it is probable, though not certain, that he attacked one of the police with a penknife, inflicting an insignificant wound. He was taken to the police barracks, where Lieutenant Lyster remarked, "I feel like a good workout," stripped to his undershirt, and began to beat Barkoski with a poker, as the unlucky man lay half-conscious. When Lyster tired of this, he and Watts jumped up and down on the body of their victim, who died without regaining consciousness.

THERE is no dispute as to these facts, and yet, when the three policemen were tried the other day in Pittsburgh, a jury acquitted them. The only evidence in the defendants' favor, aside from their own statements, was the testimony of the coroner that some of Barkoski's injuries might have been inflicted by his being dragged about on the cold ground, before being taken to the hospital. The prosecution seems to have been singularly half-hearted, while the defense was in the hands of a leading and expensive Pittsburgh attorney who conducted his case with great vigor. It is possible, of course, that the jury acted out of its own spontaneous incapacity; but it is also possible that the Pittsburgh Coal Company and its allies exert such a moral dominance in that region that justice is impossible in cases where its employees are charged with a major crime.

MR. SHEARER'S mysterious British document, which he showed to high officials of the American Navy, and which was solemnly photostated by them for their own mysterious purposes, now turns out to be a piece of whimsical nonsense, produced for his own amusement by a young Irishman shortly after the War. The facts about it were revealed in London by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, whose name is thoroughly familiar to New Republic readers, and who is the author of an article on Gandhi in this issue. Mr. Ratcliffe, who knew the author, is amazed that anyone could be stupid enough to take it seriously, and a perusal of the quotations reprinted in the New York Times strongly supports his view. That Mr. Shearer was deceived by it is of course of no importance; Mr. Shearer had already given us ample evidence of his mental caliber; but that officials of the American Navy should be incapable of seeing its character at a glance is a matter of more concern. If our national defense is even partially in the hands of people as stupid as that, our plight is desperate indeed.

WHILE the investigation of Shearer was in progress, W. R. Hearst sought to belittle it by urging, instead, an investigation of lobbying as it has been carried on at Washington. Mr. Hearst is about to get his wish. The new committee headed by Senator Caraway will conduct such an inquiry, and it will probably begin by investigating Mr. Hearst's action in paying this same Mr. Shearer $2,000 a month during most of 1929 to campaign against American participation in the World Court. We are promised that the Caraway committee will go into every phase of lobbying and propagandists, and it is urged that the work of the pacifist organizations should be included. The New Republic sees no objection to such a broadening of the scope; certainly, the anti-war organizations of the United States have nothing to fear from such an inquiry. The only real danger is that the Caraway committee may follow so many trails that it will lose sight of the most important, those leading to the tariff lobby and the military propagandists. The presence of Senators Borah and Walsh as members of the Caraway committee is, we think, sufficient guarantee that it will do a serious and useful piece of work.

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THERE was a time, not long ago, when our Department of Commerce led the world in "trade promotion"; but nowadays our British cousins are showing that they, also, know a thing or two. For a number of years they have watched with misgivings the growth of American trade with Latin America. They have seen, for example, the American share of Argentina's foreign purchases increase from 14.7 percent in 1913 to about 25 percent in 1926. They have seen the British share decline from 31 percent to 19.3 percent. For a time, British dignity prevented any official action in regard to this decline. But as the decline continued, and as the welfare of the British Isles depends upon the resurrection of foreign trade, it was decided to send to Latin America a British Economic Mission, headed by Lord d'Abernon, former British Ambassador to Berlin, and Sir Malcolm Robertson, British Ambassador to Argentina. As a result, the British government will have opened, in favor of the Argentine government, a credit of 100,000,000 pesos to be used for the purchase of British material for the Argentine state railways and other government departments. In return, the Argentine government will have similar credit opened in favor of the British government, for the acquisition of Argentine wheat and other products.

IT SEEMS that Argentina is desirous of escaping from dependence upon American sources of supply because of the one-sided nature of American-Argentine trade. In 1928, the American people sold to Argentina goods to the value of $178,000,000, but they purchased from Argentina goods to the value of only $99,500,000. On the other hand, the British people purchase from Argentina as much as they sell. In fact, in 1926 Great Britain imported from Argentina goods which exceeded in value by $37,000,000 those she exported to that country. Argentine trade with Great Britain does not have to contend with the tariff wall that confronts trade with the United States. For many years, Argentina has expressed resentment against the American tariff wall, and Argentinians have raised a cry of "Buy from those who buy from us." The recent trade agreement with Great Britain is the first indication that they are taking this slogan in earnest.

A Lesson from New York

IT IS difficult for a thoughtful observer to study the recent political history of any great American city without at least leaning a little toward belief in a Hamiltonian autocracy. The careers of Thompson in Chicago, Curley in Boston, Hylan in New York, and their prototypes in a score of other places, seem to suggest that the American people, when they have come together to live and work in these enormous agglomerations, develop a mass stupidity which is almost fatal to their own well-being. They pay inordinately high taxes and get poor value for their money, because such a large proportion of the municipal income is distributed as graft or otherwise wasted in non-productive ways. They endure hideous discomfort because the municipal services, and particularly transportation, are badly planned and worse conducted. They accept complacently the haphazard growth of the community without intelligent planning, in ways which threaten its very existence through elephantiasis. They see its business men harassed and persecuted by racketeers—a new name for the old-fashioned occupation of blackmailer—and though they are well aware that these racketeers have powerful connections with the municipal government, they do not seem to care.

There is nothing mysterious or magical about the means by which the machine politicians who are guilty of all these misdeeds manage, at seven elections out of every eight, to stay in power. Though most of them never heard the phrase, they are excellent rough-and-ready social psychologists. They give the voter something which he wants more than he wants clean streets, uncrowded subways, low taxes or the suppression of machine-gun bandits. For a part of the constituency, the alternative delights which are supplied are of the most practical nature. Free coal in winter, ice in summer and an occasional job on the city pay-roll, though less important than they were twenty years ago, are still not without their usefulness in holding together such a machine as, for instance, that of Tammany in New York. The existence of friends in the government who can get you out of jail, or prevent your going there when you have misbehaved yourself, who can get the assessment on your real estate lowered, or your personal taxation remitted entirely, constitutes a powerful bond between the individual and his city administration, no matter how corrupt or incompetent the latter may be. The cost of bad government is nearly always invisible; it is reflected in a general increase in the cost of living, whereas the individual perquisites which are doled out to a few deserving supporters are definite and welcome.

There is, however, another factor which, while not concrete or tangible, probably is of still greater importance in keeping a Thompson or a Curley in power. The average citizen of Chicago, Boston or New York is a poor man. He is not well educated, and even in these days of supposedly universal prosperity he has about all he can do to make both ends meet. He finds in his community a comparatively small group of financial overlords—bankers, heads of large industries, successful real-estate gamblers, whose fathers a generation ago began the process of waiting to reap the unearned increment. This group is roughly identical with "Society," and it is doubtful whether any specially privileged class in all history ever displayed its wealth more ostentatiously than is the case with this upper 3 or 4 percent in America today. Some of these men of great wealth make terms with the political machine for their own pecuniary advantage, and have no quarrel

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with it. Others, however, represent the nucleus of such opposition as exists. If the machine is Democratic, as it often is, the "silk-stocking" crowd controls the local Republican party. From its ranks are likely to come the ambitious reform candidate for the mayoralty—when there is one. And nothing gives the average citizen greater pleasure, or more completely assuages the pangs of his inferiority complex, than to turn out on election day and snow under the representatives of these high and mighty individuals. (In a city like New York, there are also large foreign-born groups, in whom the sense of inferiority created by poverty is complicated by racial or religious feeling, upon which the machine politician skillfully plays; but the other factors are usually quite sufficient to turn the mass of the voters in his direction.)

The Honorable Jimmy Walker, the present Tammany mayor of New York City, might seem at first glance to be a departure from the tradition of the successful "friend of the people." In reality, however, he is not. True, Mayor Walker is well dressed, in the slick Broadway manner; he sleeps late in the morning and spends his nights in expensive places of entertainment. Despite all this, his constituents recognize that he is still at heart the professional baseball player and writer of sentimental ballads. His wisecracking, the merits of which are so painfully overrated by simple-minded reporters, is nicely tuned to the ear of the masses. The crowd wants a hero whom it can understand, and of whom it will not need to feel afraid; but this does not mean, as Walker's success demonstrates, that its hero needs to be as dull and drab as the average member of the crowd.

Political observers in New York, which is now in the throes of a municipal campaign, believe that the old loyalties will probably be sufficient this year, as in the past, to keep Tammany in safe control of the city. At the same time, it must be recognized that the challenge of the opposing forces is more serious than at any time since Mayor Mitchel was in power. The central issue in the campaign, up to date, is the unsolved mystery of the Rothstein murder a year ago, and this is not so illogical as it sounds. Whatever the facts may be, the municipal authorities have acted precisely as though they did not want to catch the murderer and try him. One of the men accused of the crime was held for almost a year without trial, on the plea that no effective case can be made without the presence of another man suspected of complicity. This other man the police actually had in their hands for several days, and then let him go. Charges are being freely hurled that Rothstein was hand in glove with important officials of the Walker administration; that some of these had borrowed money from him (this has been proven in the case of city magistrate Vitale, though the facts do not necessarily reflect discredit on him); and that everything possible has been done to divert the public attention to something else, such as Commissioner Whalen's gaudy new traffic rules.

Nor does the Rothstein case stand alone in its effect upon the campaign. The deplorable scandal growing out of the failure of the City Trust Company has come uncomfortably close to the ornate doorstep of Tammany's new home on Union Square. And the enemies of the Wigwam have plenty of other ammunition, of varying effectiveness: allegations of gross favoritism in the remission of taxes; the proved facts of graft in the street-cleaning department; the charges made from time to time against officials who inspect New York's foodstuffs; the obvious fact that the city's thousands of speakeasies are paying huge sums for "protection"—and getting it. Even those who are indifferent to moral culpability on the part of public servants may be roused by the feeling that their taxes are intolerably high, that their neighbors are perhaps paying only half as much on the same original assessment, or that the city services are being administered with outrageous incompetence for which they have to pay.

The chief menace to Tammany this year comes in the candidacy of Mr. Fiorello La Guardia at the head of the Republican ticket. (Mr. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, is, as so often happens with Socialist candidates, greatly superior to both of his opponents in ability, but neither Mr. Thomas nor anyone else supposes that he has any chance of being elected.) La Guardia is a strange and interesting figure; he is partly an expert demagogue, and partly possessed of the instincts of a real progressive, though he has failed lamentably to speak up against Fascist tyranny as practised in Italy or in the United States. He is dangerous to Tammany for the precise reason that he is an embodiment of Tammany's own formula. Mr. La Guardia is a self-made man; less than two decades ago he was a humble interpreter at Ellis Island. He talks the language spoken on the sidewalks of New York as well as Jimmy Walker—better, in fact, for Jimmy is innocent of any other tongue than his own brand of English, whereas La Guardia can address his constituents also in Yiddish, Italian, and one or two other useful tongues. The Republican organization in New York, with its usual nice instinct for suicide, didn't want La Guardia as its candidate, although he was the only man who had any conceivable chance of winning. He is conducting a vigorous campaign, and while Tammany still feels a justifiable confidence in its power to hold the city, it is more frightened than it has been in twelve years.

If Mr. La Guardia is elected, what will it prove? In the first place, it will be another demonstration of an old truth, that those who continue in power too long become careless. If Tammany had its wits about it, it would never have allowed so many kinds of graft to come so near to the surface, and this is true whether or not the Wigwam has any direct connection with this graft. A defeat this year would be a salutary bit of discipline for the organization, and would doubtless be taken to heart on a

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return to power, which in the normal course would be expected at the next election, or the following one at latest. A successful campaign by Mr. La Guardia, or even a very large increase in the normal Republican vote, should also suggest to those interested in good government the desirability of fighting fire with fire—or with something else just as good. In order to win an election in New York or any other large American city, it is not enough for the cohorts of righteousness to point out that their opponents are incompetent, wasteful, and affiliated with, if not actually implicated in, forms of graft which directly or indirectly rob the taxpayer. The reformers cannot win by such a negative campaign. They must also offer a candidate of their own in whose presence the average John Smith, Heinie Schmidt and Pat Casey can feel at ease. This candidate must not give the impression of being a cat's-paw; he must stand on his own feet. It will be exceedingly interesting to see to what extent La Guardia succeeds this year in fulfilling these difficult terms.

The Meerut Trial

DURING Mr. MacDonald's visit to America, the International Committee for Political Prisoners will present to him a petition on behalf of thirty-three persons charged with "conspiracy to deprive the King of the sovereignty of British India," and now held in prison at Meerut, awaiting trial. To many persons, the offering of this petition will seem a gratuitous piece of interference in the affairs of another power and an impertinent assault on the privileges of a guest. But Mr. MacDonald will not take this view. He is more fully informed than his hosts on this side of the Atlantic as to the frightful increase in political oppression throughout Europe since the War, and he certainly realizes that what mitigation has occurred in the situations where it is worst has been the result of international effort by groups and individuals, among whom Henri Barbusse is honorably distinguished. It is safe to say that Mr. MacDonald is in entire sympathy with the general movement to enlist the public opinion of the world in behalf of political prisoners, whether in Russia, Poland, Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia or Hungary. He will congratulate himself that Great Britain is of all countries at present the freest from political and class persecution. It is certainly a matter of deep concern to him that this cannot be said of certain other portions of the Empire of which he is the chief executive.

It goes without saying that the Meerut trial is an inheritance of the Labor ministry from the preceding Tory government. The prisoners (three of them Englishmen by birth) are nearly all well known figures in the trade-union and working-class movement in India, "including the present Assistant Secretary of the All-India Trade Union Congress, the Secretary of the Federation of Trades Unions in Bengal, and practically all the members of the Executive of the largest textile trade union in Bombay. The arrested include also eight members of the All-India Congress Committee (the Executive Committee of the Indian National Congress), and practically every member of the Executive Committee of the recently founded All-India Workers' and Peasants' Party." Some of these are Communists. Others are not; nevertheless, the indictment begins by the statement "that there exists in Russia an organization called the Communist International," and proceeds through several articles to recite the activities of this organization as a basis for the charges against the accused. It is clear from the character of the list as a whole that Communism is merely the excuse under which to deprive the workers of their leaders. If Mr. MacDonald wishes to study an example of this stratagem he may observe the proceedings in Gastonia and Marion.

The Meerut victims were arrested in the course of raids, on March 20, 1929. They are mostly residents of industrial centers, Bombay and Calcutta. They have been transferred for trial to Meerut, 800 miles from either city, a fact which imposes a special burden on the defense. Moreover, Meerut is situated in one of the native states where trial will take place before a District Judge, without a jury. The government thus revives for these men the worst feature of the infamous Rowlatt Act. Since the arrests, bail has been refused, and the prisoners, at first in solitary confinement, have suffered from insufficient food and bad sanitary conditions, quite as if they were in Rumania. The government has put every obstacle in the way of the defense, and has appealed strongly to popular prejudice. The opening of the case by Mr. Langford Jones, in which he scarcely mentioned the accused, will recall the howlings of our own Civic Federation.

> I believe Bolshevism to be a festering sore on the face of Europe, a cruel and tyrannical autocracy masquerading under the mask of popular government. . . . By means of the Communist party and the Red army the people of the country are terrorized into submission to the rule which is imposed upon them.

The Labor ministers have inherited this case. Thus far they have declined to dismiss it or to change its conditions, and they are day by day assuming fuller responsibility for it. Undoubtedly, they are in a difficult position. The case was evidently initiated as a challenge to India. In view of the trick of the Zinoviev letter, by which the Baldwin government achieved power five years ago, some cynics may surmise that the Tories, in view of their prospective defeat, planted this bomb behind them. The dismissal of the case would undoubtedly be construed as a retreat for the government, and encourage Indian intransigence. And this is a tremendous risk for Mr. MacDonald, who is first of all responsible to public opinion for the lives of the British colony in India. To their safety every con-

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sideration of the well-being of the great native population is subordinate. And from the viewpoint of responsibility to India the situation is even more serious. If revolution breaks out, a massacre such as that at Cawnpore would convert the British public into a blood-thirsty mob: and instead of merely blowing a few hundred Sepoys to death at the mouths of cannon, they would exterminate villages, cities and whole provinces from the air. All this Mr. MacDonald realizes. The measures for the safety of these precious British lives are in the hands of a permanent staff, civil and military, whose policy has in the past been expressed by the Amritsar massacre and the Rowlatt Act, and is now indicated by the Meerut trial. If the Labor government repudiates this policy it runs the risk of releasing these permanent officials from responsibility, in some cases, doubtless, of provoking them into conspiracy for precipitating the dangers which they are supposed to guard against. But great as are the obstacles, there is something to be said for facing them honestly and candidly. The Meerut trial is a trial in two senses. The Labor government is on trial as well as the accused labor leaders. The least it can do, in justice to itself, is to insist that the trial be a scrupulously fair one, and to stand for human rights and the rights of the workers against the subterfuges, hypocrisy and violence of its agents. The question of India is the most difficult of Mr. MacDonald's problems. To approach it with a bad conscience would be fatal. To bring about an era of reconciliation throughout the world is the greatest of his ambitions. He cannot afford to have it frustrated by an initial lapse of good faith.

Latin America at Geneva

ONE OF the most interesting features of the recent League Assembly was the expression of Latin America's renewed confidence in the League. At one time, these states professed to believe that because of the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine in the Covenant, the League was barred from acting in American affairs and was really a European institution. But this belief has to a large extent been offset by the Council's statement to Costa Rica that every member of the League has exactly the same rights, regardless of the Monroe Doctrine, and by the example of the Council's intervention in the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay. On the second day of the Assembly, Señor Antuna of Uruguay made a speech thanking the Council for its action in this dispute, which, he declared, had "produced a profound impression on the American continent." By allowing the Pan-American Commission to bring about the actual settlement, the Council had shown, he felt, that Pan-Americanism and the League could be reconciled. Nevertheless, Señor Antuna admitted that the Pan-American Union was concerned primarily with cultural and labor problems, rather than politics, and that, unlike the League Council, it did not possess any effective means whereby it could prevent any actual hostilities.

In participating in the work of the League, the Latin-American delegates do not intend, however, to become Europeanized. Apparently inspired by M. Briand's plea for a United States of Europe, Señor Villegas, who has represented Chile on the League Council, launched a movement to bring about a closer form of coöperation among League members from the western hemisphere. At present, the Latin-American states come together through the Pan-American Conferences only once every five years; and here their work has been cramped by the unyielding attitude of the United States. These states meet annually at Geneva, but they feel that hitherto their time has there been devoted largely to European and international, in contrast to American, affairs. Señor Villegas, therefore, proposes, (as did Señor Zumeta of Venezuela five years ago), that the Latin-American states take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the Assembly sessions to discuss purely regional matters.

As a result of a number of conferences, the Latin-American delegations decided that they would come together a few days before the opening of each Assembly, and would organize three American commissions. One of these would work out a system of rotation for the allocation of the three seats on the Council now reserved to Latin America, a second would study economic questions, and especially what efforts should be made at Geneva for the economic development of Latin America, while the third would study political questions, and especially the attitude to be taken by Latin-American states toward questions on the Assembly agenda. The delegations also recommended that League documents particularly relating to Latin America should be published in Spanish, and that Latin America should be given a larger representation on the World Court. The first result of Latin-American coöperation was a caucus which decided that Peru should succeed Chile on the Council.

In certain respects, a united stand of Latin America at Geneva is not desirable from the standpoint of international amity. These states have already been accused of going out of their way to seek titles and positions of prestige; and the caucus system which they have adopted will probably make this quest more successful, and at the same time make them more odious to other states. Nevertheless, this movement shows that Latin America is developing a measure of continental unity, which may not be pleasing to the United States. As long as the Latins fight among themselves, the American State Department gets its way. If they succeed in establishing a common front, and if they should obtain the backing of the League, American hegemony in the western hemisphere may die an unmourned death. We do not anticipate the early decease of this hegemony. Nevertheless, the return of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador to the Assembly, the request

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of Bolivia for a League health expert when the Pan-American Union wished to give this assistance, and the establishment of Señor Villegas' entente, are all important straws in the wind.

Cars of Juggernaut

ONE definition of civilization is that it is that system of society in which most value is placed upon human life. This is not a perfect definition, for there are a number of things that civilized people do, such as making music and painting pictures, that have no necessary connection with the sanctity of life. But if we do set up the preservation of the individual skin as a measure of our progress we must reluctantly conclude that we are getting ahead like the frog climbing out of the well—up two feet and back one. Progress has brought us the automobile and the automobile has become a cause of violent death perhaps fourteen times as imminent as typhoid fever, nearly twice as deadly as diphtheria and croup, and one-fourth as menacing as pulmonary tuberculosis. These figures are based on statistics for Greater New York, but we may take them as sufficiently representative. In backward communities, presumably, more people would die of typhoid and fewer would be hurled into Kingdom Come by the abrupt cessation of the motion of automobiles.

The death rate from automobile accidents in Greater New York, in 1899, was three one-hundredths of a person per 100,000 inhabitants. That is to say, one Greater New Yorker lost his life. In 1927 the rate was eighteen and twenty-two one-hundredths. This year, as nearly as can be estimated, it will be about twenty-two. That is to say, if the present rate of killing is maintained, about 400 persons to whom automobile accidents are at this moment a matter of merely academic interest will die as a result of such accidents in one city before the church bells and the tin horns usher in the new year. A distressing number of them will be children, innocent victims of the national mania for swift transportation. According to figures gathered by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, fatalities during the first eight months of 1929 exceeded by 9 percent those for the equivalent months of 1928. The death rate is increasing far more rapidly than population, though not so rapidly as the increase in the number of automobiles and trucks now at large. Thus there may be a slight gain in the efficiency or carefulness of the average driver, or in the efficacy of the regulations to which he is subjected. But this is only mildly encouraging in view of the mounting totals of dead and injured.

What can be done in the way of prevention is shown in the experience of certain cities. Chicago, after reaching the horrible sum of 988 deaths in 1927, got down to 415 in the first eight months of 1929—a rate of about 622 for the year, if averages are maintained. San Francisco dropped from eighty-five for the eight-months period of 1928 to fifty-nine for 1929, Indianapolis from seventy-four to fifty-three. Los Angeles, which had reduced its rate by the so-called McClintock ordinances, showed an increase, and New York jumped from 666 to 821. It is pointed out that where there have been decreases or merely nominal increases these have followed traffic surveys and intelligent remedial measures. There is no question that these measures could be adapted to any community, though in the matter of traffic regulation what is one town's meat is often another town's poison. But the very phrase "traffic regulation" tells a story. We may make as many solemn pretences as we will, but traffic regulation is not imposed for the sole purpose of saving lives. It is imposed for the primary purpose of speeding up traffic. The effective circulation of vehicles within cities and on main highways is regarded as of more importance than the safety of the occupants of the vehicles or of pedestrians who may have to cross their paths.

This will be perfectly obvious if we consider that a sufficient retardation of automobile traffic would eliminate most fatal accidents. To take an absurd illustration, there would be few deaths if no vehicle exceeded ten miles an hour. There would be fewer than at present if no vehicle ever exceeded twenty or even thirty. But if speeds were so restricted there would not be room enough on the streets and highways for the cars whose drivers wish to pass over them. As a nation almost exclusively made up of owners or frequent occupants of automobiles, we choose to run the risk of killing or being killed—a risk sufficiently large to ensure the entire population of New York City being killed off by automobiles every four thousand years, if it could be kept from dying from other causes—rather than to slow down or reduce the amount of our traveling. This may be a perfectly correct attitude. It may be that human life is not the most sacred thing in the world. It may be that transportation is more important, even though it merely lead from one bridge party or one road house to another. But we ought not to fool ourselves. Automobile fatalities are not inevitable. They are a species of murder or suicide.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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The Facts about Birth Control

IN ANY controversial subject, when there is a real desire to come to a common understanding, the best starting point is a flat statement of certain basic facts, if such there be, about which there can be no disagreement. By this method it usually becomes clear just where the point, or points, of divergence lie. This is emphatically true in the case of the problems connected with the increase of human population. Fortunately there exist certain undebatable facts of the highest significance. These may be concisely stated as follows:

1. This is a finite world. It is composed of certain substances, ordinarily referred to as elements, which are incapable of increase or decrease, or of any practically significant alteration.

2. All organic beings, plants and animals, are dependent upon the materials of the earth's crust for two great necessities, food and standing-room. The earth therefore sets the limit to life, and there exists no possibility of an unlimited increase of life, of all kinds or of any one kind.

3. Every living species is equipped with a reproductive mechanism, consisting of a combination of physiological organization and instinctive or emotional impulse, sufficient to provide for a vast increase in numbers in each generation over the preceding generation. Left unchecked, this mechanism results in a geometrical ratio of increase with infinite possibilities. Concrete examples of this truth are familiar to every student of evolution or biology. One of the classic illustrations is afforded by the oyster, neither the highest nor the lowest in the scale of organic evolution. If a pair of American oysters were left free to multiply at their ordinary rate, their great-great-grand children would form a mass eight times the size of the earth.

From these facts there emerges a fundamental and inescapable conclusion: There must be population control of some sort. When a force of infinite potentialities is hemmed in by inflexible barriers, repression is the only possible consequence. Every species in nature demonstrates the truth of this statement, and so rigid is the repression that the generalization is perfectly sound that the law of nature is stationary population.

The human species is no exception to these rules. Man is capable physiologically of increasing to infinite numbers at a very rapid geometrical ratio. Malthus took the rate of doubling every twenty-five years as a conservative standard, and turned to the American colonies for an actual illustration. In point of fact, the population of this country, over long periods of time and large areas, doubled every twenty years or even every fifteen years, regardless of immigration. Man, too, is dependent on the finite earth for his standing-room and his food. It is as true as it is obvious that man, by his economic arts and devices, has vastly increased the availability of mundane supplies for his own use. But he has not succeeded in increasing their ultimate quantities, nor has he ever been able to increase them fast enough to provide for his maximum biological increase. As a consequence there always has been, is, and always must be, some form of control of human population.

There are four possible points in the ordinary biological process of organic increase at which population control may be exerted. The first is after the birth of the new generation. This is the way of nature. The familiar processes of nature consist very largely in a wholesale slaughter of the new-born. The birth rate and the death rate in nature in the long run are always equal. The enormous fecundity is balanced by an enormous infant mortality, which falls short of 100 percent by an infinitesimal fraction of one percent.

The second point of intervention of population control is between conception and birth. This is the way of barbarism. Abortion is a familiar feature of the culture of many primitive peoples, and the painfully crude methods followed bear eloquent witness to the urgent necessity of limitation felt by the group in question. The fact that abortion has carried over so abundantly into our modern civilization does not vitiate this characterization.

The third point of intervention is between the mating impulse and its realization in sexual intercourse. This is the way of asceticism. It may be, and has been, realized either in celibacy or in self-controlled marital abstinence.

It has remained for modern civilized man, with his developed knowledge of anatomy and of biological processes, to discover the fourth point of intervention, which lies on the narrow margin between intercourse and conception. This is the way of birth control. It might equally well be called the way of science, or of intelligence or of reason.

Up to this point there can be no disagreement on the part of any open-minded and well informed person. No one can deny that in the long run human population must be controlled. If the population of the earth were to continue to increase at the rate that prevailed during the period 1906 to 1911, at the end of 10,000 years there would be, allowing one and one-half square feet of standing-room per person, 60,570,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 times more people than there was room for. Of course this is an impossibility. Something must and will intervene to forestall it. The whole question is, what? Whether, as is often asserted,

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that point is too remote, and present conditions too different, to make this comparison pertinent will be considered later.

Likewise, no one can deny that the four points of control indicated above cover the whole field. We are forced to submit to one or the other of them. The whole question is, which is preferable? To be sure, it is quite possible to conceive that at some future time there may come such a weakening of the sexual impulse, or such a diminution of physiological capacity to multiply, as to affect one or the other of our fundamental postulates. But as yet there is no acceptable evidence of change in either of those directions, and so they do not enter into a realistic discussion.

This, then, is the point of divergence that we anticipated. The real field for argument and taste is which method of control is preferable. Birth control is the newcomer in the field. Control at one or another of the other points is ancient and universal. It has all the weight of experience and tradition. Birth control must accept the burden of proof. Let us consider first, then, what positive advantages birth control has to offer.

1. It is effective. If birth control were universally understood and practised, society would have at its command the means for any degree of population control that was socially expedient.

2. It avoids the frightful toll of mortality, particularly of infants, that is inevitably consequent upon an unrestrained birth-rate.

3. It avoids the incredible pain and degradation of abortion, which remains such a blot upon our most advanced civilization that the only way we can tolerate it is conventionally to shut our eyes to it.

4. It avoids the abnormality of unwilling celibacy, and the perhaps even greater emotional strain of actual or attempted marital continence. It permits the union in legitimate marriage of two persons who are sincerely attracted to each other, and opens the way to all the benefits of comradeship, cooperation, sexual love, and that general fulfillment of personality that is associated with affectionate home life, without consideration of the question whether, for reasons of health, standard of living, or anything else, the addition of a child is inexpedient at any time in the duration of the union.

5. It places the whole human interest of reproduction on the firm basis of reason, where we have so proudly placed every other major concern of the species. This has both personal and social implications. It enables man to differentiate between the two disparate desires for sexual pleasure and for offspring, and to pursue the realization of the one or the other, or the two conjointly, according as his reason and emotions may dictate. Without birth control these two desires become inextricably confused and tangled, with unfortunate consequences to both. It permits the rational consideration of the size of the family, the proper spacing of children, the adjustment of procreation to income, the achievement of the maximum level of well-being of the offspring, and innumerable other advantages that characteristically follow the application of reason to human affairs. Socially, it opens the way to the control of human growth in accordance with the principles of welfare established by the applications of social science.

With all these weighty and undeniable advantages in its favor, there must be some powerful objections to occasion all the opposition which it encounters. Some of the foremost of these are the following:

1. Birth control is unnatural. In one sense, that is true. If we define natural as that which occurs entirely apart from the application of the human intelligence, then birth control is unnatural. But so is cooking, and shaving, and wearing glasses. So are houses, and radios, and aeroplanes. So are all the discoveries and devices by which mankind has raised itself above the level of the brutes. We have already seen what the way of nature is in this domain. Any one who prefers that to the consequences of birth control is not likely to be moved by argument. In another sense, however, it is well to remind ourselves that it is impossible to break a law of nature. All that we puny men can do is to decide which law of nature we will choose to obey. The man who jumps from the top of the Woolworth building, or dines off a dozen arsenic tablets, is following a law of nature just as truly as the one who walks down the stairs (or takes the elevator) or eats the most admirably balanced meal. The regulation of procreation by birth control is exactly as much in accordance with the laws of nature as the procedure of the guinea pig or the fruit fly.

2. Birth control is unhygienic. This is a medical question. The best modern authorities assure us that the use of approved methods has no unfavorable physiological sequelæ, or at worst has consequences that are negligible compared with the effects of too frequent pregnancies, abortions, or self-enforced abstinence.

3. Birth control is immoral. This is either a non-debatable assertion, or else it begs the question. Morality is a social product. Our whole discussion revolves about the question as to whether society should sanction birth control. The moment it does sanction it, it ceases to be immoral.

4. Birth control would lead to an increase of sexual immorality, particularly among the unmarried. This argument rests upon the assumption that the main check to immorality is the fear of consequences in the shape of an illegitimate child. It is doubtful how much validity there is in this assumption. Granted that it possesses a modicum of truth, there are two things to be observed. First, there is not much to be said for the inherent righteousness of those who are restrained from an immoral act merely by fear of the consequences. Second, the increase in immoral conduct would be more than offset by the decline in the burden of illegitimacy.

5. Birth control takes the romance, the fine deli-

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cacy of emotion, out of the sexual act, and reduces the wife to the level of a legitimized prostitute. It is hard to imagine how anyone can give much weight to this argument who has any realization of what sexual life amounts to between a pair who are haunted, particularly on the woman's side, by the constant fear of pregnancy, pain, and suffering of child-birth, and resort to the abortionist. Nothing could more widely remove intercourse from the atmosphere of prostitution than the establishment of complete mutuality and pure reciprocal emotion.

In this whole division of the subject, it is well to remember that against any possible aspect of immorality in birth control there must be set off the intolerable wrong of allowing children to be brought into the world as mere by-products of sexual gratification, as has been so largely the case in the past. The unwanted child is the one comprehensive condemnation of the old system.

6. Birth control is contrary to the postulates of religion. This, again, is hardly a debatable proposition. If any specific religion condemns birth control, there is no denying that it is contrary to that religion. The assertion that it is contrary to the universal will of God, of course, allows of no discussion. If we were forced to the alternative, some of us would prefer no god at all to a god who had condemned mankind perpetually to the miseries of an uncontrolled population.

7. Birth control would result in a socially undesirable decrease in the rate of growth of population. This argument brings us back to some of the broader and more practical aspects of the problem. It rests on two rather peculiar assumptions. The first is that great numbers of people are having more children than they want. The second is that for some reason it is socially desirable that they should continue to do so. The first assumption is doubtless true to a large extent. The second opens the door to the discussion of the whole question of population.

Limitations of space obviously restrain us from going unreservedly into that question. There are, however, certain observations that are pertinent. The first is that this argument brings the matter down to a nationalistic, not to say chauvinistic, basis. No one is much concerned about the increase of mankind as a whole, except as it affects his own people, but everyone is much concerned about the increase of that people. As members of the American commonwealth, the majority of the readers of this article are concerned about the increase of the population of the United States. Here again one or two pertinent facts will help to put the question in its proper setting. First, as to the actual present rate of increase. If the population of the United States should continue to increase at the rate that prevailed from 1906 to 1911, by the end of this century, we should be considerably worse overcrowded than China is today. That will never happen, you say? Of course not. But again the question is, by precisely what means is it to be kept from happening? Our amazing increase up to date is the consequence of the acquisition of a vast, incomparably rich domain by a highly intelligent, energetic, economically developed group of people. The potentialities of such a situation are enormous, but they are not infinite. We have already run through a large portion of our heritage. It is inconceivable that in the future all the inventions and discoveries of all the scientists and promoters should enable us to continue the rate of increase of the past. From now on, some form of control is bound to become more and more imperative.

If this is true for America, how much more true is it for the older and more crowded countries of the world. Population control is the greatest international question of the day. From time immemorial, population pressure has been the dominating cause of war. As long as population pressure continues, all the conventions and political devices against war that human ingenuity can conceive are little better than barriers of straw. A century of stationary population in all the countries of the world would do more to usher in an era of universal peace than all the disarmament agreements and anti-war treaties that have ever been penned.

And if there is fear that, once established, this check to population will go too far, and threaten the extinction of any nation or of all mankind, birth control is again the answer. Once put procreation on a rational, deliberate, and voluntary basis, and the instrument can be used both ways. Society has unlimited power to get what it wants from its individual members. The habit of regarding population increase in the light of reason will be the best possible basis for an upward movement, if that should ever be socially desirable.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Sagebrush

Gray sage where autumn aspens burn,
Green sage and white in sun and wind,
Sage silver under moon and star,
Sage growing where my footprints are—
Now frosts have come and leaves have thinned,
Keep well my steps till I return.

Down many canyons traveling
Quick water trembles over stones;
Fast fade the still renewing snows,
Inconstant as a briar rose;
Yet stand the hills, unshaken thrones,
The pines are green from spring to spring.

Over an unforgetting ground
The sagebrush flows in sun and rain,
That feet of many men have pressed;
Remember mine among the rest,
And hide until I come again
From other feet the paths I found.

DOROTHEA MATTHEWS.

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MacDonald Comes to Washington

IN THE dignified gloom of the Union Station's train-shed, a mild excitement is manifest. The grilled barrier which separates the tracks from the rest of the station is lined with a double row of spectators. They stand patiently, looking through the bars. Now and then someone else joins the ranks of watchers, but he comes up leisurely, and has plenty of choices of where to stand. Everyone has a good place to see, there is no shoving. At present all there is to look at on the other side of the barrier is a double file of Marines, in dress uniform, who are posted in a long curve from the tracks to the station door. They are thin lines: there are three or four feet of space between every man; this guard of honor gives the impression of a decimated battalion. Well, the Marines belong to the Navy; perhaps this effect of decimation is an exhibition of tact. The Marines stand at ease, kidding each other. Here and there in the strung-out crowd of spectators someone is holding a little British flag. Everyone stands quietly, waiting to see the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The special train which is bringing him from New York is due to arrive at four o'clock. Almost on the dot of four comes a harsh military bark; the drooping Marines crack to attention. The crowd, which had grown used to them and has let its eyes wander elsewhere, begins to stare at them again. These young professional warriors are not a terribly warlike aggregation. Now that they are standing at attention, the gap between the files seems to have widened, and each non-com and private, silhouetted against the dim light, appears in person. They are surprisingly small, you notice—not the great strapping fellows of the recruiting posters; surprisingly bowlegged, many of them, and all of them surprisingly unlike armored Robots. In the strain of their artificial pose, a shoulder is held stiffly higher than the other; an arm juts rigidly back at a ludicrous angle; the bodies don't go with the legs. As the minutes tick away, and still nothing happens, you can see a few of them begin to teeter slowly from side to side, like bridesmaids at the chancel steps.

Finally comes a sudden stuttering burst from a bugle, and another hoarse military shout. The Marines, somewhat shakily, present arms. It is no joke, standing stiffly at attention for ten minutes. A tall man with a large gray face, in top hat and cutaway, strides down the lane of Marines, accompanied respectfully by the Station Master.

From off in the direction of the tracks there is a volley of handclapping, then silence. Here he comes! Two gray-haired men, in high silk hats and cutaways, walk through the gateway in the barrier and come rapidly up between the lines of Marines, between the presented rifles. There is brief, scattered applause. Nobody cheers. In the dim light of the train-shed, MacDonald's face looks worn and thin; his skin, sallow and old; but he does not hold himself or walk like a tired or an old man. Under his top hat his shaded profile is sharp and handsome: his face, seen from this angle and in this light, is almost too handsome. Beside his leonine figure, Mr. Secretary Stimson seems very ordinary and mouse-like. Mr. Stimson's cutaway doesn't fit him. The Prime Minister and his party disappear into the station.

Outside the station is another guard of honor—a detachment of cavalry from Fort Myer. As the Socialist, pacifist Prime Minister appears, their sabers flash to the salute. MacDonald bows and smiles, a public, harried smile; the cameras grind; a band plays "God Save the King"—*not*, as in warm-hearted New York, "Britannia, Rule the Waves"; he gets into the waiting limousine; the cavalry escort wheels off. Up in a corner of the sky, three aeroplanes in V-shaped formation slide over the city. They look very much out of place.

The procession moves off down Pennsylvania Avenue. The crowds thinly lining the sidewalks stand in silence. Here and there some scattered handclapping comes hollowly on the air. Nobody cheers.

In one of the reception rooms of the British Embassy, the newspaper men are gathering. At seven o'clock the Prime Minister is to make an announcement here to the press. There are some distinguished faces in this cheerfully animated crowd, and some distinguished names: in some cases they go together. There is an air of polite affability, of careless, cosmopolitan chatter. Someone says, "Well, we may as well go in, I think." The crowd moves into the ball-room, and surges up to a table at the far end. Behind it stands Mr. MacDonald, with the British Ambassador and the Premier's secretary. MacDonald comes forward to the table, and begins to talk quietly, without any preliminaries. His face now, seen in this strong overhead light, does not look so sallow. It is a tired face, but there is great determination in it. And there is something plain and open and at the same time stubborn about this countenance, seen face to face, which belies the almost actor-like good looks of his profile.

He talks in an ordinary tone of voice, without making any evident attempt to make his voice carry, or to speak with artificial slowness or distinctness. He belongs to the school of statesmen, evidently,

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who do not regard the art of public speaking as an end in itself, but as a means of communication. And to hear him talk, you might think he imagined that he was addressing people who spoke the same language as himself. For one thing, his intonation, and the emphasis he places on his words, are not in that musical-comedy dialect known as "the Oxford manner." He is a plain man, and a Scotsman; and he talks plain English, with a little Scots thrown in to make it pleasanter. His variations from Eastern American speech are so few, in fact, that they strike you as almost incongruous—with that same incongruity with which we hear, say, the short hard a's and o's of Boston. No, there is no danger of our misunderstanding him.

As he stands there behind the table, looking mildly and patiently out into the crowd of newspaper correspondents, and talking quietly of the "large and wide, high and deep problems of international peace," he cannot be mistaken for anything but what he is: a statesman, an honest man. But as you listen to this earnest, quiet speech, you cannot help feeling that things are arranged queerly in this world. Here is Ramsay MacDonald, the representative, as he says, of the people of England, talking, not to the people in this room, but to the people of America. And the people of America cannot hear him. They will see his picture, and read a report of his words, and even listen to a talkie version of the real man, but this direct personal confrontation they can never have. If we believe that experience can be transmitted by words and pictures, what odds?

Behind this ex-farmer boy, the Premier of Great Britain, stands the British Ambassador, whose ancestors were great men in England in the reign of Elizabeth. His face is sad and lined, his head downcast. He looks as if he were present at a session of family prayers. Perhaps that is what it is.

Next day, in the pale October sunshine in which Washington manages to look distinguished, if not beautiful, the Prime Minister pays various calls of state. He goes to the Capitol to visit the Vice-President and the Chief Justice. At the Capitol, too, the crowd is small. The police are almost unnecessary. But at the State Department there is more of a stir. The offices have apparently suspended work for the morning: the corridors of this penitentiary-like old monstrosity are filled with hurrying clerks and girls and Negroes. The newspaper men take their time: they know there will be a long wait. Old Eddie Savoy, the little Negro who has been here since Grant's administration and who now acts as head porter in the Department, is bustling with suppressed excitement and importance. He tries to sit calmly in his appointed seat, but from time to time rises and sways to the elevator on bandy legs, his coat-tails nearly sweeping the floor. When the Prime Minister and his party arrive, Eddy lurches forward to usher him in to the diplomatic anteroom, and goes Mrs. Gann one better by preceding the British Ambassador.

Mr. MacDonald and the Ambassador are closeted with the Secretary of State for fifty minutes. The newspaper men would give their eye-teeth to know what it is they are talking about. A few of them agree morosely that probably the sole topic is the weather. When Mr. MacDonald appears again, he gets the heartiest applause he has been given in Washington. But this is the Department of State: these clerks know that the Prime Minister of England is an important person, and in their own line of business.

When Mr. Stimson is ready to see the press, he is at once attacked: "What did you talk about in that fifty minutes? Yessir, fifty minutes by the clock." But the Secretary will reveal nothing. With the engaging air of a bad little boy who has done something naughty but will be all right as long as he refuses to commit himself, he smilingly turns aside the questions. You can see, however, that MacDonald has made an impression on him. The almost stereotyped words in which he voices his appreciation of the privilege of having made the Premier's acquaintance are diplomatically chosen, but they are not uttered in a stereotyped manner.

Well, what *did* Mr. MacDonald say to Mr. Stimson? As the Secretary pointed out, it was not their first chance to talk about the weather: they had had plenty of opportunity for conversation on the train coming down from New York. What could two men of good will, who wanted peace on earth, say to each other, except that the sky looked threatening, or fairer, or that they were glad to meet? What will Hoover and MacDonald find to say, up in their mountain retreat?

If it is true, as the experts say, that the problem of world peace is a problem that can be solved only by experts, then we can do nothing but wish them well in their task, and await the outcome with what patience we may. Our suspense may be heightened by a remembrance of what happened to a good many million plain men, the last time the experts disagreed.

Nowadays, of course, experts know better. Our experts now—Briand, Stresemann, MacDonald, Hoover—are more in the nature of plain men than their glorious predecessors were. But to the man in the street, the man who can scarce forbear to cheer a military parade but feels no impulse to applaud a peace mission (especially in times of peace!), the men who direct the mysterious destinies of government are still the same order of being they have always been.

MacDonald's public appearances may impress a few thousand people with the fact that he is not an outlandish foreigner, and that he speaks almost as good English as they do in Jersey City. But he is not the kind of man, and he is not engaged in the kind of business, calculated to move the enthusiasm of the American people.

Nevertheless, in the dignified gloom of official Washington, a mild excitement is manifest.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

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Gandhi at Sixty

IF ANYONE should say that M. K. Gandhi at the age of sixty is the most amazing human being now alive, I do not see how the statement could be seriously challenged. Certainly the contemporary world contains no public man whose position affords any kind of parallel with his. The Mahatma's personal following would make that of Mussolini or Al Smith or Ramsay MacDonald look like a handful. It would be difficult to think of a social or religious leader in Europe or America of whom the Orient has heard. There is no Oriental other than Gandhi whose name to the mass of people in the West is even so much as a faint rumor. But Gandhi is a world phenomenon, a strange and disquieting natural force. He is a shattering proof of the Madonna's lyrical guess that the weak things of the earth have been chosen to confound the mighty. He is our time's supreme example of the terrible meek.

On October 2 the Mahatma completed his sixtieth year. In India this anniversary marks as a rule the acceptance of old age, and by withdrawing from political activity soon after his release from prison in 1924, Mr. Gandhi appeared to signify his own agreement with the Indian view that the elders should abandon the field of conflict. But twelve months ago he emerged from his retirement, and it is possible that in the coming winter he may be the center of a new imperial crisis. The present moment therefore is appropriate for a brief review of the Mahatma's career, his gospel, and the alternatives that lie before him. And, there being still much ignorance prevailing as to the man and his ideas, it may be advisable first to run over the external facts.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born in 1869 at Porbandar, a town on the coast of the Kathiawar peninsula which juts out into the Arabian Sea to the northwest of Bombay. His family was in good though not important official standing, of very moderate means, belonging to the Bania or merchant caste, of the strictest Hindu orthodoxy. His native region was remote from modern India. Gandhi married at thirteen, and at eighteen he made his way to London in order to become a member of the English Bar. He was a youth of indescribable simplicity and ignorance; suffering agonies of shyness, but endowed with an unshakable persistency which served instead of courage. The story of his marriage and the three years in England—during which he kept the vows as to food and conduct made to his mother—has been told without reserve by Gandhi in his autobiography. It is a story like no other.

In 1893 Gandhi went on legal business to South Africa, endured some painful experiences in that land of furious race passion, and stayed to champion the cause of the disinherited Indian settlers in Natal and the Transvaal. He was then twenty-four. The task upon which he entered, with a conviction and intelligence suddenly become mature, absorbed him for twenty years, almost until the eve of the World War. While working in South Africa he read the Hebrew scriptures, discussed religion with many Christians and rejected their faith, while embracing the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount and, after reading Tolstoy, becoming an absolute believer in non-violent resistance, of unqualified soul force, to which he gave the Sanskrit name *Satyagraha.*

In the struggle for civil rights against the Transvaal government, Gandhi employed his method. Thousands of his followers went to jail, and his own sufferings were lengthened into years of martyrdom. These events made him a national leader in India and imbued him with the ideal of *Swaraj* (own rule), the freedom of his country. During the war years he gave up all agitation, but in 1919 the fatal guns of General Dyer at Amritsar aroused in him the spirit of implacable hostility to the alien government as a Satanic system. He raised the standard of immediate *Swaraj,* proclaimed the gospel of non-violent non-coöperation, and reaffirmed his testimony against the crime of Untouchability. He added the doctrine of economic salvation by home spinning and the wearing of hand-woven cotton, and then, swept along by the intensity of his faith in *Ahimsa* (unqualified unresisting sufferance), he announced in 1920 that *Swaraj* could be attained in one year if the Indian people would adopt his principle in its entirety. By that time he was dictator of the Indian people, the leader with a hundred million devoted followers.

In no country and in no age has there been a manifestation to set beside the apotheosis of Mahatma Gandhi in 1921-22. He seemed to have united the warring communities. He was worshiped by the whole of India. He moved amid the hum of excited multitudes. His personal authority seemed to be, and was, an incalculable menace to the British power. But it was wielded with extraordinary restraint, for the Mahatma came to realize that, if the signal were given for the outbreak of mass civil disobedience, it would be impossible for him to keep the non-coöperation movement within the rule of non-violence, and consequently that India was unprepared for the logical fulfillment of his policy.

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There is no need to dwell upon the more recent events. Gandhi deliberately defied the government of India; he was arrested, tried for sedition, and convicted. He served not quite two years in prison. Upon his release in 1924 (a few days after Ramsay MacDonald formed his first cabinet), the Mahatma found that the *Swaraj* movement had been turned away from non-coöperation into political channels. After some months of inconclusive action he went into retreat, trusting in the fervor of his youthful volunteers to spread the evangel of the spinning-wheel as the sole hope of economic revival throughout the 700,000 villages of India.

As a political leader he was a self-confessed failure; but as the Mahatma he reigned still in the hearts of the people. The thoughts of further political action had been put away from his mind when, in 1927, there befell the Baldwin government's muddle over the Simon Commission to prepare for a revision of the Indian Constitution. The official decision was well intentioned; the plan was disastrous, for the political parties in the main, as an insult to India. As a direct result of Lord Birkenhead's blunder Gandhi is back again in the field of political agitation; and we must regard it as the calamity of the year that he should have permitted himself to be so managed by the younger extremists as to have committed himself to a revised program of mass civil disobedience if political freedom for India is not conceded by the last day of the present year.

The successful leadership of this new crusade, we may be assured, cannot be the fate of this extraordinary man, for whom, so far as his friends are able to judge, there remains no more than a short evening of life upon earth. There would seem to be no possibility of the revival of his former power. The Indian Moslems, once brought into the Gandhist camp upon the basis of an understanding that had no reality, are now alienated from him: they can never enroll under a Hindu non-resistant. The professional classes, makers of the Indian political movement, have never accepted his doctrine, although they could not oppose him in the days of his supremacy. They cannot abandon medicine and the law, repudiate the public service, boycott the legislative councils, remove their sons from government colleges. They cannot even begin to detach themselves from European influences and Westernized habits. A return to the ancient simplicities of Indian life is, for them, unthinkable; nor could they be persuaded that the Gandhi of 1929 could, under any imaginable conditions, recreate the *Swaraj* party and reforge its weapons. He is not an inhabitant of their world. As for the young generation of Indians, they pay homage to the Mahatma, acknowledge his sainthood, and simply deny his creed. It may be doubted whether 10 percent of the educated young manhood of India would now confess adherence to the method of non-violence, although it is certain that a very large percentage is convinced of the economic soundness of domestic spinning and village weaving. Young India is talking of complete independence, and not at all of self-suffering. Nor does it believe in an India cut off from the modern world and shut within the walls of a miraculously restored rural economy, fed from the founts of the ancient Indian wisdom and rigorously maintaining existence upon the hardest and simplest terms. Very far from it: this young India is vividly conscious of its heritage in a continent that has produced a Mustapha Kemal, an Ibn Saud, a Riza Khan, a Chiang Kai-shek. In an Asia responsive to such men as these, what place is there for a Gandhi?

What place in the public life of India, during a stage dominated by constitution-making and bitter communal strife, who among us can tell? It is impossible for either Indian or European to forecast the issue. But at this point in the Mahatma's personal history we may contemplate the man himself, sitting, as his later portraits reveal him, before the spinning-wheel in his *ashram* (monastic hostel) on the outskirts of the city of Ahmedabad. It is a figure of indescribable pathos: very small, almost incredibly meager, clothed only in a loincloth. He weighs a trifle over ninety pounds. At sixty, as at twenty, he is still experimenting with food, in the desperate hope of discovering a diet that will enable the seeker after Truth to command his own soul and annihilate the senses. Gandhi is the unmerciful ascetic. Alone among the leaders of men he believes in the utter renunciation of the world. And there are moments when he is prepared to face and to state the logical conclusion of his creed: if the observance of the law of the spirit "should mean the ruin of the world, why should we regret it?"

Gandhi, as all the world now knows, is the absolute enemy of western civilization—unappeasable, although he owed his life, at fifty-four years of age, to the knife of an English surgeon into whose hands he trustingly gave himself. India will not follow him in repudiating the modern world. On the contrary, it will accept the Ford car, the textile factory, the Rockefeller Foundation; and no Indian ruler of the future, repeating the action of Ibn Saud in Arabia, will put his ban on the radio and the motion picture. No prophet can arrest the march of mankind as determined by the powers first enthroned in England and America. But there, none the less, is the fact of the Mahatma and the reality of his achievement. By thirty-five years of inflexible thought and action, of entire faithfulness and unbounded sacrifice, he has released the forces which have transformed the greatest of modern empires and reshaped the destiny of three hundred million people. Gandhi sits alone, unmoved by the knowledge that no man or woman agrees with him. It is a sublime spectacle.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

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The States and Prohibition

MR. HOOVER'S labors in behalf of the Noble Experiment have thus far failed to justify the high hopes entertained by those militant Drys who worked and voted for him in the November election. It is true that he has appointed a Law Enforcement Commission, but he has specifically given it to understand that violations of the Volstead Act are only one of the fields it is to study.

For this reason, a number of leading Drys, notably Senator Borah and Dr. Clarence True Wilson, have become convinced that the states must be persuaded to take up the problem of enforcement where the national government has left it. In view of the lengthy period which must necessarily elapse before the Law Enforcement Commission can report its findings, it seems likely that the states will be subjected to increasing pressure as time goes on. Drives have already been started in the nominally arid states of Georgia and Kansas and serious attempts will undoubtedly be made to force into the Dry column the five states now without enforcement acts.

Having embarked upon this policy, the leaders of the movement have worked up an argument upon which to base their propaganda. It runs something like this: The Eighteenth Amendment, which is just as much a part of the Constitution as any other part, confers upon the states concurrent power with Congress to enforce its provisions. Thus far the federal government alone has done most of the work, but the time has now come when the states must do their share by using the power given them in the second section of the Amendment. Of course the national government cannot force them to exercise this power, but all state officials, including the members of the state legislatures, are bound by oath to support the Constitution. Therefore the states are legally and morally obligated to enforce the Amendment and the Volstead Act within their territorial limits. Those which refuse to do so act contrary to the Constitution, defeat the purpose of the Amendment, and ought to be ashamed of themselves.

This argument, if not too closely scrutinized, seems logical enough, but it raises a number of important questions in constitutional law which need to be answered before we can properly evaluate it or gauge its probable effects. Is it the duty of the states to enforce all the mandates of the Constitution? Is it their duty to enforce any of them? In that clause of the Constitution (Article VII, Section 3) which requires that all state officials shall be bound by oath to support the Constitution, what is the meaning of the word "support"? Does it mean "enforce"? Does the Eighteenth Amendment confer power upon the states to pass prohibition laws? Are the states which have refused to enact more stringent laws neglecting their duty? What about the states which have no enforcement acts at all? Fortunately, all of these questions are answered by the Constitution itself or by decisions of the Supreme Court, and the answers are most interesting.

There are several provisions of the Constitution which apply directly to the states and which they have a legal obligation to enforce. For example, they must provide for the appointment of presidential electors (Article II, Section 2); they must give full faith and credit to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state (Article IV, Section 1); they must deliver up an escaped criminal to the state having jurisdiction of the crime (Article IV, Section 2); and the Governor must issue writs of election when there is a vacancy in the state's representation in the Senate (Amendment XVII).

But in the absence of specific provisions to the contrary, the duty of enforcing the mandates of the Constitution falls upon the national government and the national government alone. This principle was clearly foreshadowed in the early decisions of Chief Justice Marshall but it does not seem to have been positively stated until 1842, when the Supreme Court undertook to construe the obligations of the states in connection with the "fugitive slave" provision. Not only did the Court's decision at that time serve to establish an important principle in American constitutional law, but the circumstances of the case at bar show what is likely to happen when a state undertakes to enforce a provision of the Constitution.

The fugitive-slave clause (Article IV, Section 2) reads as follows:

> No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

In order to give effect to this provision, Congress enacted in 1793 a measure known as the Fugitive Slave Act and placed its administration in the hands of federal judges and state magistrates. This law remained upon the statute-books unchanged for fifty-seven years. Now, what was the duty of the states? In 1826 the "free" state of Pennsylvania enacted a law which bore the curious and interesting title: "An act to give effect to the pro-

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visions of the Constitution of the United States relative to fugitives from labor, for the protection of free people of color, and to prevent kidnapping." In 1842, in the celebrated case of Prigg *vs.* The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. This might have been expected, since the evident intent and purpose of the Act was to construe the rendition of fugitive slaves as the kidnapping of free negroes. But the Court did not stop there. It held further that, since the fugitive-slave clause designated no state action, the power of legislation upon it was exclusive in the national government and the states had no right to interfere! The opinion of the Court in this case was delivered by Justice Story, and the language in which that distinguished jurist stated his conclusions is illuminating.

> . . . it might well be deemed an unconstitutional exercise of the power of interpretation to insist that the states are bound to provide means to carry into effect the duties of the national government, nowhere delegated or intrusted to them by the Constitution. On the contrary, the natural, if not the necessary conclusion is, that the national government, in the absence of all positive provisions to the contrary, is bound, through its own proper departments, legislative, judicial, or executive, as the case may require, to carry into effect all the rights and duties imposed upon it by the Constitution.—*Prigg vs. Pennsylvania, 16 Peters, 615.*

But the most remarkable conclusion of the Court was still to come. What about that provision of the Fugitive Slave Act which empowered state magistrates to hear claims and grant certificates? The Court ruled that state magistrates might, if they chose, exercise that authority, *unless prohibited by state legislation* (Case cited, page 622). The free states were not slow to act upon this decision. Within the next few years six of them passed "Personal Liberty Laws," forbidding magistrates and all other state officials to take any part in enforcement. These laws were thought by many people to constitute nullification, but the Supreme Court did not declare them unconstitutional. When Congress enacted a more stringent law in 1850, as part of the famous Compromise of that year, it was careful to place its administration in the hands of federal judges, commissioners, and marshals. In so doing, Congress recognized the principle enunciated by the Supreme Court that it was not the duty of the states to enforce the Constitution except where there was some positive provision to the contrary.

But it will be argued that when we come to the Eighteenth Amendment, there *is* positive provision to the contrary. For the second section provides that "the Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." The Supreme Court, however, has held that this section is not the source of the power of the states to pass prohibition measures, for the simple reason that they possessed that power before the Amendment was adopted.

> To regard the Amendment as the source of the power of the states to adopt and enforce prohibition measures is to take a partial and erroneous view of the matter. Save for some restrictions arising out of the federal Constitution, chiefly the commerce clause, each state possessed that power in full measure prior to the Amendment, and the probable purpose of declaring a concurrent power to be in the states was to negative any possible inference that in vesting the national government with the power of country-wide Prohibition, state power would be excluded. In effect the second section of the Eighteenth Amendment put an end to restrictions upon the state's power arising out of the federal Constitution and left her free to enact prohibition laws applying to all transactions within her limits. To be sure, the first section of the Amendment took from the states all power to authorize acts falling within its prohibition, but it did not cut down or displace prior state laws not inconsistent with it. Such laws derive their force, as do all new ones not inconsistent with it, not from this Amendment, but from power originally belonging to the states, preserved to them by the Tenth Amendment, and now relieved from the restriction heretofore arising out of the federal Constitution.—*United States vs. Lanza, 260 U. S., 381-382.*

Now let us suppose that certain states were persuaded that Congress was not doing its full duty in enforcing the Amendment within their territorial limits. Could they not fill in the gaps by enacting very stringent prohibition laws of their own? They could, provided that the legislation passed did not violate some provision of the Constitution or some "uniform" law of Congress (like the Interstate Commerce Act or the Volstead Act), or infringe upon the power of Congress to pass uniform law. This limitation was imposed by the Supreme Court in 1820 in the case of Sturges *vs.* Crowninshield (4 Wheaton, 124, 193 *ff.*). The difficulty would be that the Dry states in their zeal for stringent enforcement might require excessive bail, impose excessive fines, or inflict cruel and unusual punishments, in violation of the Eighth Amendment. Or they might attempt to improve upon the Jones-Stalker Act and thus thwart the will of Congress. In 1820, in the case of Houston *vs.* Moore, Mr. Justice Washington, delivering an opinion of the Supreme Court, gave an example of the sort of thing which might happen when a state attempted to improve upon the law of Congress.

> Congress, for example, has declared that the punishment for disobedience of the act of Congress shall be a certain fine; if that provided by the state for the same offence be a similar fine, with the addition of imprisonment or death, the latter law would not prevent the former from being carried into execution, and may be said, therefore, not to be repugnant to it. But surely the will of Congress is, nevertheless, thwarted and opposed. . . .

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> If, in a specified case, the people have thought proper to bestow certain powers on Congress as the safest depository of them, and Congress has legislated within the scope of them, the people have reason to complain that the same powers should be exercised at the same time by the state legislatures. To subject them to the operation of two laws upon the same subject, dictated by different wills, particularly in a case involving pains and penalties, is, to my apprehension, something very much like oppression, if not worse.—*Houston vs. Moore, 5 Wheaton, 22-23.*

Assuming, however, that in any legislation which the states might pass they would act within the limitations prescribed in Sturges *vs.* Crowninshield, are they under a legal or moral obligation to supplement the legislation of Congress in order to make prohibition really effective within their territorial limits? Are the five states which have no enforcement acts defeating the purpose of the Amendment by refusing to legislate? Apparently the Supreme Court does not think so.

> The power confided to Congress by that section [second section of the Amendment], while not exclusive, is territorially co-extensive with the prohibition of the first section, embraces manufacture, and other intrastate transactions as well as importation, exportation and interstate traffic, and is in no wise dependent on or affected by action or inaction on the part of the several states or any of them.—*National Prohibition Cases, 253 U. S., 387.*

What, then, must be our conclusions? First, that the oath required of state officials and legislators to support the Constitution does not involve any obligation to enforce its provisions or to give effect to congressional legislation passed in pursuance of those provisions. Second, that the Eighteenth Amendment does not confer upon the states their power to pass prohibition legislation, but merely declares that their preëxisting power has not ceased to exist. Third, that the Amendment does confer upon Congress the power to enforce country-wide prohibition and that the power so conferred is in no way affected by the action or inaction of the states. Fourth, that if the states attempt to tighten up their own prohibition laws they must be careful not to infringe upon the power of Congress to pass a uniform law. It may be that Congress has indicated in the present legislation what it does not want done, as well as what it does want done.

To a student of history and government the most astonishing feature of the new argument advanced by the Drys is their manifest unwisdom in admitting for one moment that the Eighteenth Amendment confers upon the states their power to enact prohibition laws. What would happen if, by some strange freak of fortune, the Amendment should be repealed? If the Drys are consistent they must admit that the states would thereby lose a power which they undoubtedly possessed before the Amendment was adopted. But as the matter stands they need be neither consistent nor wise. For the Supreme Court has thrown about them the protecting mantle of its logic and saved them from the consequences of a fatal error.

REX MAURICE NAYLOR.

Washington Notes

THE turtle-like progress which the Senate is making with the tariff bill has revived the belief that there will be no bill at all at the present session. I do not yet regard this as sure, but as I have pointed out in this place several times, it is possible. It does now seem to me that anyone who looks below the surface to the practical politics of this situation is forced to conclude that the possibility of no tariff bill has been considerably increased by recent developments. The principal one of these is the demonstration of the hard and fast nature of the Democratic-Progressive combination in the Senate, which on the vote by which the flexible provision was stricken out, despite the strong White House advocacy, showed almost the same majority by which the debenture plan was put through in the face of equally strong Hoover opposition. It is the same combination in all essentials and there is every reason to believe it will continue in unimpaired operation for a long time, not only on the tariff but on pretty nearly everything else advocated by the administration, with one notable exception—to wit, the World Court. On that, the singular sight will be witnessed next year of the Senate Democrats, who at this session have been whipped into a new militancy by the Raskob-Shouse publicity engine, lining up with the Republican President, while their Progressive allies join with a small group of reactionary Republicans, such as the eminent Mr. Moses of New Hampshire, in opposing him.

In the present fight, however, the plain facts seem to leave but one way for the Democrats, who constitute the larger end of the combination, to gain their issue and put Mr. Hoover in an uncomfortable fix. That is by keeping the bill from going through at all. If it does go through, the chances are all that it will be in a shape reasonably near to Hoover's desires, which would not only deprive the Democrats of political capital but make their present excitement seem somewhat foolish. The situation as I see it is interestingly parallel to that of the farm-relief fight, and if the Senate passes a bill through a Democratic-Progressive coalition majority, the result is apt to be the same. Or if sufficient Democrats desert to enable the regulars, by log-rolling, to put through a general revision measure not in accord with the Hoover view, the ultimate outcome would be the same. The strongly Republican House, where there is no possibility of an anti-administration combination and where the leaders have a vital personal political stake in not letting a bill get by that can be effectively used in the congressional campaign of next year, would beyond doubt play with the President to rewrite it in conference. For one thing, if the House gets the chance, it will certainly restore the flexible provision. In addition, the House in conference will fight for a defendable bill along White House lines.

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Moreover, the popular support of the House, added to the keener personal, political stake of its Republican members in the outcome, plus the backing of the President, plus the chaotic condition of the Senate, puts all the advantage on its side in the conference struggle. I can see no reason to doubt that the House will prevail in the tariff conference exactly as it prevailed in the farm-relief conference. In fact, I think the thing is even surer. If a bill is passed in the Senate, the Republican House leaders will have the alternative of accepting one put through largely by Democrats, which would be offensive to the administration, or accepting one put through by reactionary standpatters under pressure from the Grundy lobby, which would endanger their lives at the polls. Presupposing reasonable intelligence on the part of House leaders it is fair to assume they will accept neither one but will use their power to the limit to get a defendable bill out of the conference—one, at least, which the harassed Herbert could sign without obvious abdominal pains.

Few competent observers doubt that this will be the House attitude if the House has its chance to strike an attitude. Fewer still doubt that in the event of a conference struggle the House will either emerge victorious or there will be no result. No one whose judgment is worth anything thinks that if and when the two bodies lock horns, the House will back down. For such a struggle only two outcomes are at all likely. Either the Senate will give way or there will be an unbreakable deadlock. The odds would be largely in favor of the former.

Appreciation of these facts has seeped into the consciousness of some of the less obtuse Democratic Senators. They are beginning to grasp the fact that the House is the Hoover trump card and that if permitted to play it he may take the last tariff trick and win the game. From their angle that would be a great disappointment. It would make their whole campaign collapse and leave the Shouse-Raskob bureau in a pitiable condition.

The argument is being made in the cloak-room that the risk is too great and that the better policy would be to let the bill die in the Senate. This, it is urged, can easily be done without resort to an open filibuster or leaving the Democrats open to the charge of deliberate delay, against which they more or less plainly declared. Already the time is short and if the bill is to go through, strong pressure will have to be applied and night sessions held. It would require relatively little in the way of obstruction to make it impossible to finish before November 30. This would leave Mr. Hoover with his promise to the farmer but half fulfilled. He would have his farm board, but the pledge to put agriculture on a level with industry, so far as protection under the tariff is concerned, would be clearly unredeemed. That, if they are not caught in obstruction, would provide an issue—not so good an issue as a rotten tariff law, but still one upon which a good many Democratic Congressmen in the West might be elected. The administration would be embarrassed, the extra session would have been completely wasted and the Hoover leadership demonstrated as futile.

From a patriotic standpoint, this policy is not particularly appealing, but as a matter of practical Democratic politics it has more sense to it than any other course. Undoubtedly it would annoy Herbert very much. It is no secret that he holds the view that with House support, of which he is assured, he can restore his cherished flexible provision in conference and eliminate the features of the bill particularly distasteful to him. He would be grieved not to have the opportunity. I happen to know definitely that serious consideration is now being given, on the Democratic side, to the plan of not giving him such a chance. It is also my belief that if, by the end of November, he realizes that such a movement is under cover, and that it will succeed, he will issue a blast on the subject, of a very heated nature. Of course he could not be expected to take that sort of thing lying down, and I am told by one of our leading medicine ball tossers that at this moment he has a lot of hot and jagged words sizzling in his system. And of course, if he shoots them out, he will get some shot back at him. But that is all right. The great danger to the Republic is a dull administration in which no one gets mad and there is no fight. Those are the periods when the highly intelligent American people get most severely stung.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Quinteros and Rice

See Naples and Die, by Elmer Rice. Vanderbilt Theater. September 24, 1929.

A Hundred Years Old, by Serafin and Joaquin Quintero. Translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Lyceum Theater. September 25, 1929.

IT IS interesting to remember all over again, when we see Mr. Elmer Rice's play at the Vanderbilt, how subtle a register of an author's qualities comedy can be.

"See Naples and Die" takes place at Capo di Sorrento, in the midst of a company of Americans, Rumanians, Slavs, English, Caprese, Napolitani and what not, a small group really, for all that sound of nations, but sharply driven against each other by their desires and dramatic motivations. The standard view is in the background, Vesuvius and all, and on the hotel terrace the pretty and promiscuous native girl walks, the small chess player and the bearded chess player play chess, the American Charles Carroll eats his heart out because his fiancée has suddenly married a Russian prince in Paris, Mrs. Evans, the American lady, sees the country, finds it dirty and studies Italian, the landlord sings and flirts with the abandoned maid. There is an English painter, whose mild mentality leaks over into water-color. Nanette, the fiancée, now a princess, comes. Carroll has not opened her letters, her telegram has not been delivered. The prince arrives, following his spy, who has been tracking Nanette since Genoa or Milan, wherever it was.

The rest of the play deals out craftily the cards of this game, the rash letters of Nanette's sister, written to the prince in the stress of the War, her Georgian husband, and the prince's threats of blackmail, Nanette's marriage to him to buy him off with the estate coming to her when she marries, and the prince actually in love with her, which is

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less easily bought off, since she despises him, pitying at the same time his silliness and foreign tosh. It is late in the play before we learn quite all of this, and the most to be done by now is to get the prince out of the lovers' way and the lovers, after such quarrels and wise-crack duels as we have seen them conducting, safely together again and out of our charge.

The chess players solve that for us by turning out to be Rumanian patriots waiting for a chance to shoot their countryman, General Jan Skulansky, whenever he comes out of the villa across the road. He has been hiding there for some time, together with his Viennese mistress, who provides a temporary complication for the American lover. The prince, after a visit to the general, with the hope of buying his automobile to abduct the princess, happens to be in the way of the shots. The Fascisti arrest the entire hotel for getting in the roads when the motor races were due, and the lovers begin their career with a night in prison.

There is a well staked outlay to the story itself that, as in all Mr. Rice's work—"The Adding Machine" or "Street Scene"—holds our attention. He always knows the problem of the stage job inherent in his plot, and has a genuine talent for it. The rest of the problem in "See Naples and Die" is one of taste and of the quality of tone to be achieved. An hour's work on this play, cutting some lines and, in the place of the strained facetiousness and banter and slang of some of it, merely writing plain words and simple statements, would give it almost another rating. There is so much entertainment in the piece and so much skill that you wish this shift in taste could be effected, though it, very likely, is something elusive and outside talent. As for the tone, the plane of this comedy is evidently one of extravagance and whimsy and ironical spirits. These people from America, so active, restless and wise-cracking, we are to believe sensitive, likable, suffering and clear, however they may mock themselves to our eyes and ears. Very well, then, the problem of the dramatist is to get it all into a secure region of real feeling, gay reticence, charm, banter and unreal reality combined into one. This, also, is an elusive and delicate matter; it is the place where supreme comedy most shines, is most impalpable, most dependent on quality, skill and the society it arises from.

That Mr. Rice manages some of this is clear in the performance of the American lover, as Mr. Roger Pryor creates him. That Miss Claudette Colbert's heroine is a young lady of all this sincerity under mockery, quality under wise-cracking, charm, and so on, would be hard to believe, partly because of many of the lines she has to say and partly because of her acting; and unless you believe that these qualities belong to the heroine, the whole play drops to another level of writing, and on that level it seems to me to be often regrettable but quite as often entertaining.

Miss Beatrice Herford's American lady was frequently delicious, and as writing completely believable, though now and again the monologist's drift toward singularity of performance carried Miss Herford a little out of the ensemble. Mr. Rinaldo Schenone's inn-keeper, if somewhat inseparable from the actor in person, was a good singer and very convincing, and Miss Rose Rolanda's peasant maid of all love and work was both passionate and comic at the same time, capital, in spite of a banal first entrance all across the stage that had been contrived for her.

In the Quintero brothers' "El Centenario" Mr. Otis Skinner is giving what to my taste is his most convincing performance in a long time. In this day of natural actors, able sometimes to do very well themselves imagined under certain circumstances, and sometimes not imagined, and sometimes not able to do either one, it is a delight to see that superb make-up that Mr. Skinner accomplishes, that easily graded movement that suggests age without being mere tiresome trick impersonation, that delicate and refined perception of the wise beauties of the old man's mind, and that convincing portrayal—without it the play would have no point—of a figure around whom the affections of the characters are constantly displayed and through whom a certain harmony enters into them, to comfort their hearts or soften them, to make their ways comfortable or less insulting, to push them into their own desires and to champion their bad luck. Mr. Skinner is able also to create another quality and one which is very difficult for Anglo-Saxon actors—to believe it you have only to remember how much Mr. George Arliss' highly competent playing of Old English relied on the rendering of crotchets and foibles—I mean a certain Latin combination, in this old man, of quick wits, sanity and mysticism. On that combination the emotional transitions, the poetic speeches, the homely humor and apt whim depend, and on them depend the reasonableness and the appeal of this Spanish comedy.

Without being any dazzling aggregation the whole company play together pleasantly, speak better English than most, and try for better stage manners. Miss Octavia Kenmore's sour Dora Filomena is good. Miss Mary Arbenz and Miss Mary Howard stand out especially for their sympathetic performances of the two Spanish young girls, Eulalia and Currita, roles that in the absence of the God-damns, asterisks, jerkiness and dashes that make so many young-girl roles convincing and easy to act nowadays, must be more of a problem for the players than they would once have been.

Mr. James Whale is credited with both the directing of the play and the décor. The directing seems all in all effectual enough save in one respect, a common one in our management of plays from French, Italian or Spanish. This is not quite a matter of speed, though speed is involved, and the beginning of the difficulty lies in the fact that these languages can be spoken much faster than can English with its strong tonic accent. But what I mean is rather a matter of what singers, I believe, call intention. The attack on the syllable needs to be more energetic and animated, the attention of the speakers to be sharpened, the cues often brought closer together, the impression of vitality created. This is a matter of the mind most of all, but tongues and lips and brisk painstaking can do much of it. The setting as a Spanish interior is fair enough in design, if only more white were used where paleness is wanted and the rest of the colors were sharpened up. A little more festivity, moreover, could be hung about in the birthday scene, where, also, we may say, a good ten minutes of lines toward the very end could be cut—the length of a scene is an integral part of it.

Such comedies as this, so Spanish, are unique in quality.

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They have a good deal of that effect of spontaneity and of a certain casualness that we find in Russian plays of family life. But in these Spanish pieces there is more decorum and formality of mind, more traditional civilization in that sense. The frequent philosophical reflections are less poignantly personal and less apt to come off with that curious Slavic limpness that sometimes seems only comic, and are more proverbial, rational or ripe or braced with the acrid tonic of fatalism. Such a Spanish play has something of the *genre* nature of its kind in French, but is more fluent and less conspicuously *genre,* besides being warmer and homelier. Compared with like comedies in English it is less afraid of sentiment, has less of that nervous reserve that so often suggests mere emptiness, has more poetry and natural flow of feeling. Not that the Spanish comedy is so much better than all these, but it will bear thinking about, nevertheless.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Secretary Stimson and T. R. B.

SIR: The chief aim, doubtless, of your Washington paragrapher, T. R. B., is to amuse and not to enlighten. Therefore he may well be amused if his Washington observations are taken with seriousness. And yet there gathers an atmosphere of mystery about anonymity and there is such a simulated air of authority about T. R. B.'s comments that his characterization of public men, particularly when they are strictures, may acquire unintended weight among your readers. Plain enough it is that T. R. B. achieves his effects through dramatic devices. Having for years made gay sport of the meager qualities of Calvin Coolidge, the ironist in him finds a happy foil to the Coolidge myth in the Hoover sagas which he is now creating. In juxtaposition to the inadequate little politician from Northampton, we get, from week to week, the superman engineer who now inhabits the White House. Just as nothing was done by Coolidge, so now everything is done by Hoover. The dramatic exigencies of T. R. B. make it necessary that everybody else except "The Chief" should be a zero.

No wise public man ever gives a thought to public recognition. But that does not justify chroniclers of events in doing injustice or miseducating the public. No man in public life lends himself more easily to misrepresentation than the present Secretary of State, for no one more effecively hides his light under a bushel. To know his qualities and achievements requires penetration beneath the surface and a knowledge of facts too often concealed in the dry materials of public documents. T. R. B.'s picture of Henry L. Stimson in your issue of October 2 is a grotesque caricature that is the product of an imagination wholly uncontrolled by knowledge. It is significant that the one allegation of fact made by T. R. B. about Secretary Stimson happens to be not so, namely, the reference to Mr. Stimson as a member of Roosevelt's Cabinet.

If T. R. B. had taken the pains to find out that Mr. Stimson was Secretary of War, not in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, but in Mr. Taft's, he might, by one of those queer accidents in life, have been led to inquire just what Mr. Stimson did as Secretary of War and what qualities of mind and character lay behind his record as Secretary of War. If so, he could not but have discovered the penetration and courage of mind with which Mr. Stimson pierced through the bureaucratic accumulations in the War Department, challenged hoary tradition and formulated far-reaching policies not only with reference to the military establishment but in the government of our insular possessions and in the protection of water-power resources incidentally arising in connection with the regulation of interstate navigation. These discoveries might have further piqued T. R. B.'s curiosity and led him to inquire into Mr. Stimson's achievement as Governor-General of the Philippines. An analyst like T. R. B. would have been struck with the extraordinary change in the whole mental and moral climate of the Philippines which Governor-General Stimson left behind him, and, most strikingly of all, achieved within a year. Once embarked upon this inquiry, T. R. B. might have found his way to an article by a distinguished Filipino, Maximo M. Kalaw, in *Foreign Affairs* for April, 1929, on Governor Stimson's administration. Having gone thus far, who knows?—T. R. B. might have concluded that with all his great gifts Herbert Hoover, in the solution of intricate international problems, has in Henry L. Stimson a collaborator more helpful than any other, a man of trenchant mind, of great clear-sightedness, of intellectual fearlessness, of complete devotion to the public interest, united with a capacity for resolving intricate difficulties and translating general ideals into practical measures and concrete institutions.

ANOTHER WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

Washington, D. C.

John Dewey at Seventy

SIR: Many of your readers will doubtless be interested to learn of the plan to celebrate in an unusual way the seventieth birthday anniversary of Professor John Dewey. A committee that is representative of various social groups has been working on the enterprise for several months, and is now ready to make public announcement of its plan.

The celebration will assume the character of an institute at which speakers of national standing will deliver addresses on the contributions to thought and progress which Professor Dewey has made in more than forty years of productive scholarship and public discussion in education, in philosophy and in general social welfare.

The first of the programs of the institute will be given on Friday evening, October 18, in the auditorium of the Horace Mann school, One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Broadway, New York. The topic will be "John Dewey in Education." The addresses will be given by Professor Ernest C. Moore, Director of the University of California at Los Angeles, on "John Dewey's Contribution to Educational Theory," by Professor Jesse H. Newlon, Director of the Lincoln School, New York, on "John Dewey's Influence in the School," and by Professor I. L. Kandel, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, on "John Dewey's Influence in Education in Foreign Lands." Dr. Frank P. Graves, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, will preside.

The second program will be given on Saturday morning, October 19, at ten o'clock, in Room 301, Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York. The topic will be "The Philosophy of John Dewey." The addresses will be given by Professor George H. Mead, University of Chicago, on "John Dewey and the Philosophies of His Contemporaries," and by Professor Herbert W. Schneider, of Columbia University, on "The Prospect of Empirical Philosophy." Professor Ralph Barton Perry, of Harvard University, will preside.

The third program will be given on Saturday, October 19, at a luncheon at one o'clock in the Hotel Astor, New York. The topic of the addresses will be, "John Dewey in Social Progress." Miss Jane Addams will speak on "John Dewey in Social Welfare." Professor James Harvey Robinson will speak on "John Dewey in Liberal Thought." President James Rowland Angell, of Yale University, will preside.

The celebration is being sponsored by a national committee of more than one hundred men and women in public life who join in extending to all admirers of the personality and the work of Professor Dewey an invitation to attend the meetings and the luncheon. Several thousand invitations have been issued, but it is not supposed that these will reach everyone who would be glad to participate in the celebration. The cost of the luncheon will be $2.50; admission to the other meetings will be free.

Those seeking additional information may write to the undersigned, at Room 1214, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HENRY R. LINVILLE,
Secretary of the Executive Committee of the National Committee to Honor John Dewey.

New York City.

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The Visiting Nurse

SIR: Today there are thousands of people in New York City who are ill in their homes. Yesterday there were thousands and tomorrow there will be more. It is an endless cycle. But what happens to all these? Those who cannot be taken to hospitals and who do not need hospitalization; those who to a large extent have no money for medical care or nursing ministration, and who do not know where to turn for help?

For about 64,000 of these, there has been skilled nursing ministration each year given by the Visiting Nurse Service of the Henry Street Settlement. This Service, which comprises 236 graduate nurses, gives care in the homes regardless of race, creed or financial status, and for that reason is within the reach of all homes. All that is necessary is for a call to come and the nurse is there ready to give relief from suffering, and advice and instruction as to how to keep the rest of the family well. Approximately one half million visits are made by them a year to these homes.

But what of the homes where the patient does not know of this community service? If the patient is alone and has no one to care for her, she remains alone until someone discovers her and sends her to a hospital. But suppose she does not need hospitalization and is the head of a family of small children. To take her away from her home would disintegrate the family and probably aggravate her own illness.

To inform the public so that this situation need not exist and to interest those who are public-spirited enough to want to share in the ultimate responsibility for maintaining this service, the Visiting Nurse Service each year holds its annual Week. This year it comes from October 21-27 and its purpose is purely educational—no appeal for funds is made. Open house is kept at the eighteen centers of the Service so that all interested may see the machinery of this vast hospital which cares for the combined number of patients in seventeen hospitals, each year.

At present there are two Henry Street nurses who have gone back to Liberia, to start a Public Health Service modelled after our own in New York City; there is the Service in California conducted by a former Henry Street Nurse, in Connecticut, and in Middle-Western cities; in Palestine, Australia, Germany, China —forty-eight countries all over the world. . . .

It is hoped that eventually the Visiting Nurse Service Centers all over the world will join in national observance of this Week and will tend to bring increased understanding and sympathy to this public service which is the protection of the health of every city in which it operates.

JAMES H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

New York City.

A Catholic Prohibitionist

SIR: Referring to the letter of Father John A. Ryan in your issue of September 11, under the heading "Puritanism, Prohibition, Catholicism": while our Association (the Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition) comes in for some reference, I should first like to express my astonishment over Father Ryan's quoting as an authority André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age." I am wondering if he will also agree with the distinguished author as to his conclusions regarding the influence of the Catholic Church on the future of our country? A Frenchman's opinion on Prohibition in America will be influenced by the fact that the "noble experiment" brought about the loss of his country's very best customers: I can imagine what a writer from Costa Rica would have to say of a Prohibition that would make unlawful the sale and distribution of bananas in this country.

Our letterhead with its Connolly, Cudahy, Dougherty, Doyle, McNamee, Murphy, Sullivan, Walsh, Burke, Cleary, Conroy, Coyle, McCarthy, O'Connor, McGrath, etc., is enough to show that our being Prohibitionists has no connection at all with Puritanism, but due to our actual knowledge out in the world of the havoc brought about by liquor among our friends in the professional, industrial and financial walks of life. Father Ryan well knows of my having been connected with more Catholic activities than any other layman in the country, and in none of them have I felt such a spirit of enthusiasm and coöperation as fighting with our fellow citizens for the removal of liquor from the home and political life of our nation.

The Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition has never made any effort to extend its membership, being satisfied with the volunteers that came to our ranks, except that we have perfected in every state a committee to work with other anti-liquor agencies in educational and legislative work. This was made clear to the Senate committee to which reference has been made. Furthermore, it is admitted by our associated agencies that for several years past we have been doing the most effective work and in this direction our progress will compare with any league or association.

It is always amusing to me for a Catholic to connect up Prohibition with even Protestantism, much less Puritanism, as we Catholics are rubbing elbows with Prohibition from the time we are born until we are buried. We are all in accord with all these various Prohibitions, feeling that it is for our own welfare as well as the welfare of our religion, although any violations of same carry a more severe penalty to our Catholic minds than any provided by the Volstead Act.

I rather agree with George Young's original article, from which we went far afield, to the extent that Prohibition is more or less of a Protestant movement for which Catholics as well as Protestants are responsible.

The distinguished author of the "Living Wage" will have to concede that the nearest approach to a living wage came with the enactment of the Prohibition law.

P. H. CALLAHAN.

Louisville, Ky.

Reason or Force?

SIR: How many of us see the analogy between the present method of endeavoring to bring about temperance and the (now legally outlawed) method of solving international problems by war? In both cases the method of solution is by the use of oppressive physical force, coupled with utter disregard for human reasoning.

The great technical question presented anew by the present prohibition experiment is, "Is reason, or force, the natural and therefore proper and effective method for solving human problems?" If we decide that reason is the natural method, then we must conclude that the present prohibition method can no more solve our temperance problem than war can solve international problems. We must see that our present method, because it is unnatural, and therefore wrong, is impossible of success. . . .

HARRY KRONICK.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Notes on Frank Harris Wanted

SIR: I shall be greatly obliged if you will permit the use of your columns to request those who have any material bearing on Frank Harris to communicate with me. I am preparing a biography of Mr. Harris and for that work I have received the assistance of most of those now living who are depicted in his "Contemporary Portraits." I am especially eager to procure transcripts of letters from him, reports of meetings and conversations, etc. My work is in no sense an "official" biography.

ELMER GERTZ.

Chicago, Ill.

A Biography of Kate Chopin

SIR: I am compiling a biography of Kate Chopin, (1851-1904), the American authoress, whose short stories were popular in the 90's and whose novel, "The Awakening," aroused much criticism in 1899. I will be grateful to readers of The New Republic for original letters to or by Kate Chopin, or for any first-hand reminiscences of her life and literary activities. All letters will be copied and faithfully returned. The address is St. Mary's Manor, South Langhorne, Pa.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

South Langhorne, Pa.

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The Poetry of Louise Bogan

Dark Summer, by Louise Bogan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 72 pages. $2.50.

THIS, Miss Bogan's second volume, includes the best poems from her first, so that a reading of it offers a complete view of her talent to the present time. The chief stylistic influence discernible is that of E. A. Robinson, and that only here and there. Two of the early poems reprinted in this book—"Portrait" and "The Romantic"—close on a typically Robinsonian epigram; and there are a good many similar passages in her first book, "Body of This Death." She has either escaped or absorbed this influence in her later work, progressing toward a more purely lyrical mode that culminates in "The Mark," "Come break with time," and "Simple Autumnal"; poems that demand—and will bear—comparison with the best songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whether one select examples from Campion, Jonson, or Dryden. One might quote, as examples of her style at its purest and most intense, this quatrain from "Simple Autumnal":

> The measured blood beats out the year's delay.
> The tearless eyes and heart forbidden grief,
> Watch the burned, restless, but abiding leaf,
> The brighter branches arming the bright day.

Or the final stanza from "The Mark":

> The diagram of whirling shade,
> The visible, that thinks to spin
> Forever webs that time has made
> Though momently time wears them thin
> And all at length are gathered in.

But these fragments are parts of closely organized wholes and it is really unjust to tear them off in this fashion.

She has certain technical limitations. She apparently has little or no understanding of free verse, and her more regular unrhymed verse (one hesitates to call it blank verse), though extremely interesting from a purely metrical standpoint, divulges an inability to treat the long line and the long poem as such—she treats them rather as series of stylistic and perceptive incidents that would probably have gone into short rhymed lines had they been able to gather about themselves a little more symbolic value. They almost drop from the limb that bears them into separate identity, but never quite; neither, most of the time, are they quite organically necessary to that limb. And the movement of the long unit is hopelessly impeded by—one is tempted to say, made up of—minor, decorative digressions. This, from any standpoint, is an incorrect technique for a long poem, whether narrative or philosophical. One sometimes sees the opposite phenomenon in the lyrics of a novelist, those of Mr. Joyce, for example: the novelist is accustomed to use these minor felicities occasionally and with discretion in prose, but is unable, if he is simply a novelist, to give them poetic intensity when he rhymes them. The result is minute, if sometimes charming, lyrics. But either way there is a failure to comprehend the essential nature of the form.

The intricacy of some of the best of Miss Bogan's poems is, I imagine, an intricacy of feeling, and hence of style, rather than of idea. The basic ideas of her work do not appear to be particularly complex. The writer of our period finds himself tempted, on one side, by the roads to rhythmic salvation offered by the various sects of tree-climbing mystics, and on another by the faint moribund murmurs of transatlantic, Middle-Western, and middle-aged Whitmanism: these, and related manifestations of our democratic era and of its Pragmatic Providence, our educational system, have to be avoided. Miss Bogan, one suspects, has avoided them as a cat avoids water rather than as a philosopher avoids nonsense—and the result is a kind of instinctive distrust of certain ranges of experience that either might or might not involve some kind of spiritual looseness. She plays safe and allows no implications to enter a poem that are not defined in its subject-matter: she thus achieves the irreproachable mastery of her best poems, but she also causes each poem to be a sort of insulated unit, even pushing the quality occasionally, as in "Old Countryside," to a certain dryness. Thomas Hardy, writing a twelve-line lyric on the passage of time, often seems to involve the tragedy and the wisdom of the whole of human experience; there is a kind of emotional current passing into the form from the formless recollections of the man; the gesture, the cadence, the pauses, indicate a richness of wisdom and experience not defined in the meaning of the words. In Miss Bogan's poems, as in those of Jonson or Landor, this is the case, if at all, to a very limited degree. The poem is a sharply defined segment of experience, raised to something very near to major power by the sheer brilliance of the craftsmanship. But if the poem deals with the message of time, it deals with that and nothing more, in its effect on an isolated entity as such. To see what I mean, one may compare "In Time" or "The Breaking of Nations," "During Wind and Rain," or "Afterwards," to "The Mark" or "Simple Autumnal." Neither poet will suffer particularly by the comparison: the integrity of each is perfect and the execution superb. But the underlying wisdom, the experiential reach, of Hardy's poetry is the greater.

The poet of the present age, in order to free himself from the handicap of the philosophical misconceptions of the age, has, I believe, to turn metaphysician in a profound and serious way if he is not to be victimized by false emotions, as most of our contemporaries in at least a measure are; or if he is not to be, as Miss Bogan in some degree is, limited rather more than some of his more fortunate forefathers. Very few contemporary poets seem aware of the difficulty or seem willing to make the effort. I am thoroughly convinced that the effort need not be, as Mr. Allen Tate seems certain that it is, fruitless. The least—and the most—that one can demand of it is that it clear the air once and for all of a great deal of nonsensical doctrine and belief, along with the attendant feelings, and that it justify, and make it possible to assume with a measure of ease, a normal and more or less classical dignity of attitude toward human destiny and human experience, an attitude that at least *seems* natural to Hardy but that is achieved by only a few contemporaries (Miss Bogan among them) and by most of them (Miss Bogan included) only with a good deal of effort, suspicion, and trembling. The means to this end may strike the innocent bystander as unjustifiably complicated, but it is still the only means that will accomplish the end in a thoroughly satisfactory fashion. The short cuts invariably end in bogs, and the avoidance of the labor ends either in bogs or in insecurity.

But Miss Bogan's subject-matter, or rather attitude, if it seems limited in the way I have indicated, is as central, as fundamental, as any attitude so limited could be. It would take only a turn, a flicker, to transform her into a major poet; it is conceivable that the flicker may be taking place as I write, that it may even have occurred in her book, *à mon insu*. The least that the most defamatory of critics can say in her praise is that she suffers no diminution by comparison with the best of the English lyricists, that

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she is certainly as good in every respect as a great many of the best, and that she is beyond any doubt one of the principal ornaments of contemporary American poetry.

YVOR WINTERS.

Professor Elton

A Survey of English Literature, 1730-1780, by Oliver Elton. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two vols. 779 pages. $8.

PROFESSOR ELTON'S theme is the "wealth and variety" of English literature in the middle eighteenth century. He is admirably equipped, in many ways, to write an intelligent and useful book on this subject. His reading, both in the sources and in the works of later scholars, has been enormous. Probably few men living have mastered a larger proportion of the writings of the period for which any claim of literary significance can be made. Diarists, letter-writers, essayists, novelists, dramatists, poets, critics, philosophers, divines, political journalists, historians—he has laid siege to them all, from the giants who find a place in even the most elementary school books down to the latest discoveries of Messrs. Allardyce Nicoll and Iolo Williams. He has read the texts, and he has endeavored to profit by the scholarship of which, increasingly in recent years, they have been the object; his notes, which fill some fifty closely printed pages and form an excellent critical bibliography of the period, show how faithfully he has applied himself to this part of his task.

Other qualities, too, even more important than learning, are his. Chief among these is a gift of literary characterization which makes of his criticism at its best a kind of discriminating connoisseurship, nourished by a lively sense of personality, a trained feeling for differences of style and tone, and a knack of brief and revealing quotation. His judgments, in the large, are seldom at variance with tradition; but he has looked at the details for himself, and in consequence he is able to find fresh things to say even about writers as frequently studied as Walpole or Goldsmith or Gray or Sterne.

The range of his sympathies is no less characteristic. Except for a certain superciliousness toward the deists, which betrays a too great reliance on Leslie Stephen, he has freed himself from the chief prejudices, religious and esthetic, which have pervaded so much writing on this period. He comes to the eighteenth century after prolonged absorption in the nineteenth; yet he is far from regarding it merely as a threshold to romanticism. His pages on the "pre-romantic" poets are admirable in their feeling for what is most original in writers like Collins, Smart, and Chatterton; but he does not exaggerate their importance or set them off too sharply from their contemporaries; and he is capable of writing with equal enthusiasm about men of a very different outlook and temper:

> These great artists in irony, Bayle and Voltaire, Fielding and Hume and Gibbon, what a chorus! how good they are for us, how they prick illusions, how they refresh and aid the intellect, and how they 'deceive the burden of life,' with their great sound sense! If the eighteenth century had done no more for us, it would always have left us with these tonic springs.

It would seem, in short, that Professor Elton was designed by Nature to write the book about the eighteenth century for which we have been waiting. Yet he has not done so, and the reason lies, in part at any rate, in certain limitations of method and point of view characteristic of the school of British university critics to which he belongs.

It is no accident that the best work of this school has taken the form of short studies—the essays of Professor Saintsbury, or of the late Sir Walter Raleigh, or of Professor Elton himself. For the type of criticism which these men have cultivated most successfully—a type in which everything depends upon freshness and vividness of perception—is particularly suited to the uses of the essayist, inspired to write by long familiarity with a few congenial authors. To make it the dominant method in a sustained and systematic survey of an age is inevitably to subject it to a strain it is unable to stand; for no critic, however wide his sympathies, can be expected to have something penetrating or original to say about all of the writers, great and small, that must be taken notice of in such a work.

It can be said for Professor Elton that he is less frequently banal than most critics of his school would be in his place; his learning comes to the rescue when his enthusiasm or his perceptions fail. But the sheer weight of the task is too much even for him; for one really illuminating page he gives us twenty which say nothing not already said many times before; and he is often forced back on the easy-going comment and pedagogical advice that form the stock in trade of harassed lecturers to undergraduates. "'Tristram Shandy' is best if taken in small doses; 'A Sentimental Journey' is more mercifully composed and can be, must be, read through all at once." Not a little of his commentary, unfortunately, is pitched in this low key.

We could forgive him were the individual impressions animated and controlled by any significant organizing ideas. But it is characteristic of the critical attitude which he represents that it is more than a little suspicious of ideas. So far as this distrust implies merely a sense of the inadequacy of the formulae upon which the older histories of eighteenth-century literature were built, it is all to the good. Professor Elton's fault is that, having thrown overboard the old antithesis of "classic" and "romantic," he has no more satisfying general interpretation to put in its place. That, even more than the perfunctoriness of many of his comments, explains why his book, for all its lively style, is frequently such hard reading. It offers little that our minds can take hold of—no clear analysis of the social and intellectual forces that shaped the literature of the period and of their conflicts and interconnections, no precise conception of the relations between literature and the other arts, no general idea, in short, of what was happening in the world of English letters at this time and why. And lacking these things it lacks also, as might be expected, any real structure. It is a collection of detached notices, rather than a book. There is indeed a rough order in the grouping of the writers: from those whose works reflect the social life of the age most immediately—the writers of letters and memoirs—on to those whose material is primarily "ideas"—the philosophers, the divines, the historians. But the plan is one that could be applied with equal appropriateness to any age of literary history. It is not a plan that grows out of any genuine internal organization of the specific subject-matter on which it is imposed. It is external and, still more, it is static.

"The staple of every history," Professor Elton reminds us in an excellent passage on Gibbon's mastery of the art of composition, "must be narrative, and its law is movement." His own book, brilliant as are many of its pages, would have been more satisfactory had he taken this doctrine to heart.

R. S. CRANE.

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Eddington and the Unseen World

Science and the Unseen World, by Arthur Stanley Eddington, F. R. S. New York: The Macmillan Company. 90 pages. $1.25.

EVERY religiously minded reader" of Eddington's former work, says the publisher's notice on the cover of this little book—little, but important because of its author's importance as a mathematical physicist—"will be eager to lay hold of these additional observations of the foremost living exponent of the seen in regard to the unseen world."

That, in a nutshell, is the realistically minded reader's chief objection to Dr. Eddington's latest pronouncement. It is a strange mixture of Biblical phraseology with a theory of evolution based, by implication at least, upon the doctrine of chance! Almost, excepting for the difference in time and hence in world viewpoint, Dr. Eddington reminds one of such theologically minded scientists as Newton and Faraday. And the confusion of standards is strongly reminiscent of another recent "reconciler" of chance and religion—Austin H. Clark.

"In the beginning," says Eddington—whatever a scientist can possibly mean by a beginning—"boundless but not infinite" space was all but empty, a few "tiny electric particles," positive and negative, here and there "breaking the void." They were, apparently, relatively few in number, not many having yet been "created." "In the beginning was vastness, solitude and the deepest night. Darkness was upon the face of the deep, for as yet there was no light." Or, in other words, whatever was doing the creating had not yet, in an extraordinary phrase, "carved chaos into stars"! Or created a solar system by "chance"!

But the "religiously minded reader," lulled by these familiar words, is now brought up with a start by the rather atheistical statement that it was *gravitation* which "slowly parted the primeval chaos," and which then "subdivided the original island universes. First the star clusters, then the stars themselves were separated"—presumably after they had been "created" from the "almost void."

Much of this, to minds of scientific rather than religious bent, is mere verbiage, no matter how great in his specialized field may be the man who utters it. From it we turn to statements grounded in fact. The dynamical collision of one star with another to form a solar system could be but "a rare accident." But the ten thousand million stars in our own stellar system "and more in the systems beyond, afford a wide playground for chance." Hence this "rare accident" must have occurred to our sun, and from it arose our solar system, in which our earth is but a minor planet, but whose formation, by accident, is "the cause of our being here." This event, we are assured, was "outside of Nature's regular plan"— though how Dr. Eddington knows what Nature's "regular plan" was, he does not elucidate.

Yet this strange wording, which will give comfort to all anti-evolutionists, is followed by a soundly scientific paragraph like the following:

> I cannot speak, and I am not ready to take sides in the controversy between the Mechanists and the Vitalists. So far as the earth is concerned the history of development of living forms extending over nearly a thousand million years is recorded (though with many breaks) by fossil remains. Looking back over the geological record it would seem that Nature made nearly every possible mistake before she reached her greatest achievement Man—or perhaps some would say her worst mistake of all.

The remainder of the book is, unfortunately, based upon the same misconception that characterizes all of Professor Eddington's recent writings and addresses; namely, that problems of biology and psychology—especially consciousness—should be approached either from the exclusive standpoint of mathematical physics, or from a dualistic or religious point of view. He does seem to admit that the Mechanist of today no longer holds the older view that atoms are to be regarded as "concrete particles like the billiard-ball atoms of the brain." But he implies that, this "materialistic" conception once abandoned, nothing remains but a kind of shadowy symbolism. The Mechanist, however, thinks of the living cell as a "chemical laboratory," not as a mechanism of "gyrostats and cog-wheels." Instead of thinking in terms of chemistry and biology, of a complex living organism, Eddington seems to consider only electrons and atoms, "measurements," mathematical symbols, and repudiates a "materialism" abandoned by all Mechanists years ago. The genetic psychologist does not leap from electrons and atoms to mind; he regards consciousness as part and parcel of the study of physiology, of the organism as a whole, not as an aspect of a metal-like machine! A "machine" the living cell may be, in a sense, but it is also a physico-chemical laboratory that is producing results in a strictly materialistic way. We are dealing with a going concern. An organism is not a mere symbol of reality—it *is* reality, and not the adumbration of "the unseen."

This book is made up from an address before the Society of Friends, of which Dr. Eddington is a member. It must be considered as the philosophy of a Quaker, not as the dictum of a scientist. As an exponent of present-day physics, Eddington has no superior. As an exponent of a mystical "unseen," known neither to him nor to anyone else, the famous Cambridge professor adds nothing of value to science and fails to endow the "unseen" with any kind of reality. Some of us must conclude that "Science and the Unseen" is a marriage with only one party to the matrimonial contract present.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

Carlyle Grown Old

Carlyle to Three-score-and-Ten, by David Alex Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 504 pages. $6.

THERE WAS performed last month in the village of Ecclefechan near the southern border of Scotland where Thomas Carlyle was born, a rather peculiar ceremony. One would hesitate to define it as either English or Scotch in character, but it was certainly indicative of something. A statue of Carlyle, the gift of that nephew Alexander who edited his letters, was unveiled, in the presence of a large company of Dumfriesshire folk, estimated at not less than 7,000; and the discourse of the day was read by Sir James Crichton-Browne. This very aged medical controversialist, at the beginning of the century, made himself the champion of Carlyle's private reputation against those detractors who, following the lead of James Anthony Froude, were building an exposition of the Carlylean epic upon the theory of sexual impotence. Let us grant that the ceremony of September 3 was, and was intended to be, a purely local affair; Crichton-Browne being himself a native of Carlyle's county. None the less

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it was a significant circumstance that, on this day devoted to the praise of the most renowned Scottish writer since Walter Scott, there should be no eminent Scottish statesman or man of letters (if any such remain) to deliver a considered appreciation of Carlyle's character and work. In 1890, or in 1900, an omission such as that would have been unimaginable.

When Carlyle was asked his opinion of the opening volumes of Froude's "History of England," published in 1856, he replied, "Meritorious, but too much raw material." No brief judgment of a book could more fitly apply to David Alex Wilson's "Life of Carlyle," which, having in its fifth volume covered the production of "Frederick the Great," is now within sight of the end. Mr. Wilson's stuff is raw material. He has accumulated all the documents, and the result is not so much a biography as an annual register and collection of extracts. The details of Carlyle's life are fully known. There is nothing more to be discovered about the man, his circumstances and his circle. But Mr. Wilson is a partisan, without discrimination. And now that everything factual has been set forth by him, it remains for some understanding critic to compose the definitive interpretation of Carlyle, for the making of which these half-dozen volumes will be indispensable.

Carlyle was a great man, a great writer, and in the English-speaking world for half a century a very potent force. It is impossible not to feel his greatness; but it is difficult for us today to understand his former power. The world of readers is lost to him. (This statement whenever made provokes an indignant denial from William Lyon Phelps, but it is true.) Our younger contemporaries cannot read Carlyle, and do not see why they should try; and I affirm my own conviction that never to any large extent will his books be read again. Is it conceivable that the two famous histories—with the exception, perhaps, of certain portions of "Frederick the Great"—will endure as histories? The affirmation is made, on good authority, that Carlyle's editing of Cromwell's letters and speeches is so gravely and continuously at fault that the work needs to be done again. Such immortality as his—and we may be sure that he is immortal—is earned by his occasional social vision and his noble imaginative prose—in "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present," in the "French Revolution" and the "Life of John Sterling." He is, unless all the signs are misleading, the greatest of those prophets of the nineteenth century for whom there can be no full resurrection; and there are, I submit, apart from the Carlylean style and its unbounded repetitions, three main reasons for the fate that has befallen this amazing man, who seemed to be the towering writer of his age. Those are: his essential poverty of thought and idea, the absence from his work of any large unifying subject and the immeasurable tragedy of his intellectual life.

All three are painfully displayed in Mr. Wilson's fifth volume, which enables us to follow Carlyle through "the valley of the shadow of Frederick." The making of his last great book, by which he was torn and bled, was a protracted agony of toil and self-doubt. At bottom Carlyle was convinced that he ought not to have undertaken the "forever-undoable" task. It was carried through, with the heroic and concentrated labor of twelve years, in an ever-deepening darkness of mind and soul. Carlyle at seventy was a man without hope—for himself, for his fellows, for the world. He was never able to face the universe of modern knowledge, or complete for himself the process of spiritual liberation so marvellously half-por-

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On Saturday morning, October 19th, in Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, a program will be given on "The Philosophy of John Dewey." The speakers, Professor George H. Mead and Professor Herbert W. Schneider. Professor Ralph B. Perry presides.

The concluding program will be given at a luncheon, **Hotel Astor, 1 o'clock, October 19th,** on John Dewey in Social Progress." The speakers, Miss Jane Addams and Professor James Harvey Robinson. President James Rowland Angell presides. Luncheon, $2.50.

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trayed in "Sartor Resartus." The central fact of his tortured life is that he did not and could not make a firm passage from the No to the Yes. And hence it was impossible for anyone to please Carlyle in the supreme matter of faith and conduct. He had abandoned the old beliefs, and he condemned the Church as the greatest of shams. But you could not go to him asking what you were to do when, like himself, you had thrown off the old clothes. He had nothing to say. I suspect that for the poor average of humanity he felt there was nothing for it but to close the mind and continue to obey. The scientific study of life and society was odious to him: Darwin was almost as repellent as Bentham. By Moncure Conway, the American ethicist, who knew him in his later life and was an accurate reporter, we are told that Carlyle had in the end accepted the doctrine of evolution, perhaps under the influence of his valuable young friend John Tyndall; but over against that we have the angry and ignorant outbursts of many years. Henry Larkin, his humble and faithful assistant during the struggle with "Frederick the Great," wrote a book on the open secret of Carlyle's life. Larkin was a simple-minded evangelical, and although he knew the Chelsea interior as few knew it, he could not guess at the secret of his master. But surely it is open enough. Emerson, according to the too-familiar story, told Carlyle that his friend Margaret Fuller had decided to accept the Universe, and Carlyle's retort was, "Gad, she'd better!" That was just what for himself he could not do.

S. K. R.

Notes on Novels

Life Goes On, by W. G. Rogers. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

THE home life of an automobile salesman in the Middle West offers good hunting ground for the satirist, and Mr. Rogers has gone to it with the savage, uncompromising scorn of the true newspaper man. Deliberately picking out the dreariest and most depressing phases of the contemporary American scene for a target, he has done a cruel but successful job, one which H. L. Mencken would thoroughly approve of; if he seems to have neither pity nor charity for his victims, that is a matter for his own conscience, and God's. No small part of the effect of spare, bitter realism that he achieves is due to his method: there is not a word of comment or stage direction in the book, merely the conversation occurring in one evening in the mean and inarticulate lives of a salesman and his wife, like the subtitles in a soundless movie, unrelieved by a single, leavening flash of beauty or glamor or color. It is not a pleasant book, nor a particularly funny one, but it would seem to have its place in the literature of post-war cynicism.

H. C. C.

The Virtue of This Jest, by James Stuart Montgomery. New York: Greenberg. $2.

IT might be said that Nicholas Swayne was born without a father. This has been said about many a famous personage by historians who have no intention of alleging an immaculate conception, but rather the reverse." Thus Mr. Montgomery begins his whimsical romance of sixteenth-century London beggardom. It is a delightful book, comparatively rare in these days of hard-bitten, realistic novels glorifying grime, and the *mésaventures* of adolescents seeking Beauty in a great city. Nicholas Swayne, a young man

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with a long nose, a sense of humor, and a gift for doggerel, is an intriguing hero. He is cut on the pattern of Gil Blas; an opportunist, who lived gaily, not too strictly, getting out of as many scrapes as he got into. The book is a merry rogue's gallery. Besides Nick, Thomas Steptoe, the roseate high priest of London's "canting coves" (pickpockets, beggars, professional blind men and so on), Ned Drum, a noble turned highwayman to serve Bonnie Prince Charlie, and Mab—Nick's lady—whom he described as "a wench green-eyed and continent as a cat in April" are the finest of Mr. Montgomery's portraits. The plot rambles easily from comedy to tragedy and back again. Mr. Montgomery's prose is admirably fitted to his subject—and what more can one say? The Book League has set its seal on this history-flavored romance: it was a wise choice. Perhaps Mr. Montgomery has made no lasting, valuable contribution to American letters, but he has sped a few hours very happily on their way. "The Virtue of this Jest" is a Beggar's Opera, humorously jazzed.

M. G.

Sense and Sensuality: A Novel, by Sarah Salt. New York: Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

"SENSE AND SENSUALITY" is a novel of domestic fomentation at that difficult five-year period. The proverbial triangle is intricately thrown in with other triangles, each with its own excrescences and ramifications. High above this *mélange,* Sarah Salt sits, avidly laying bare the inner workings of her victims as they wander through a labyrinth of maladjustments to the hectic life of London's intellectual smart set. The characters of the book indulge in endless reveries and each in turn comes forward with the cry, "We must be psychoanalyzed." The author seems to have taken this as a starting-point. Laura and Richard Lavender, after five years of marriage, come upon the stark fact that they alone of all their former associates are *still* married. They talk about such hopeless abstractions as surrender, truth, and freedom. Quite naturally unrest is born between them. From this point on there is such easy and fitful exchange of love between these two and their equally unhappy friends that one is inexcusably reminded of "The Farmer in the Dell." In the end "the cheese stands alone," for undoubtedly the husband plays this part. Of all the characters in "Sense and Sensuality," he most needs this keen introspective power about which the others prate, but, as is so often the case, the author allows him to go blundering along with the rest in the weird, geometric jig which she has planned with such exactitude.

G. B. B.

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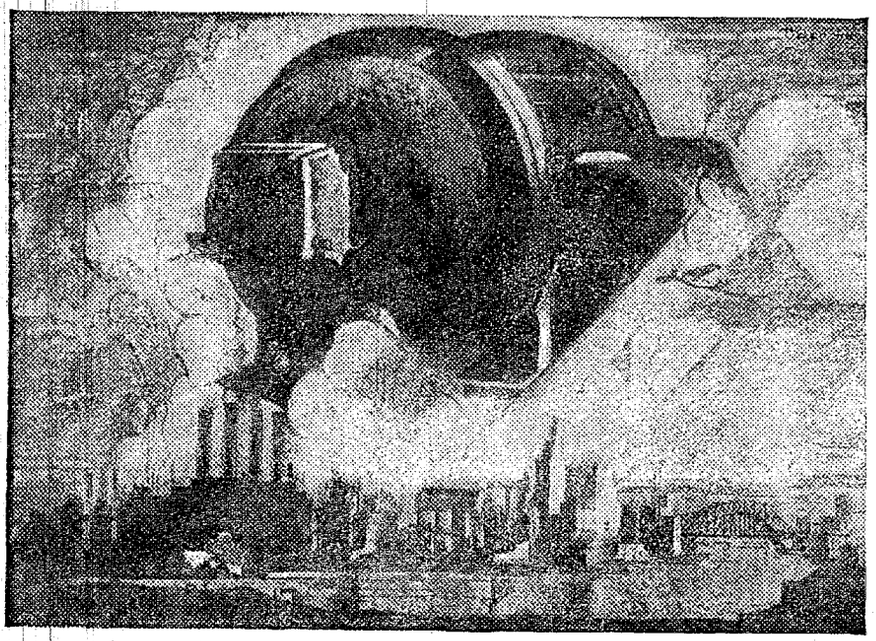

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